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EDITORIAL

GRENADA, LEBANON AND THE MISSILES

There is an urgent message for the anti-missile movement in events in Grenada and Lebanon: the nuclear arms race and strategies of mutual destruction do not develop in a political vacuum. Those apocalyptic dangers are inherent in real policies and in present conflicts—on Caribbean beaches or in Levantine cities. Wherever the cold war gets hot, the missiles could fly.

The bombs of October must show anti-interventionist and antinuclear activists how closely connected their concerns and movements are at the roots. Two political events in November will focus their activism. One is the November 12 rally in Washington, called by a coalition of seventy organizations to protest U.S. intervention in Central America and the Caribbean, and the conventional and nuclear arms buildup. The other is the November 20 showing of ABC's ultimate disaster movie, *The Day After*.

In a single evening, television viewers—constituting one of the largest audiences in the medium's history—will vicariously experience the utter devastation of nuclear war. Hundreds of antiwar groups are organizing vigils, rallies and educational workshops in conjunction with the program. They will have a brief opportunity to offer America an alternative vision of national security—and survival.

The Washington rally could also trigger a debate on the true nature of American interests and the consequences of securing them. Such a debate is a necessary complement to the huge European anti-missile demonstrations now in progress. President Reagan has disregarded overseas opposition because he believes the domestic post-Vietnam consensus against war and intervention has been broken. This is the time to prove him wrong.

THE GRENADA SYNDROME
Michael T. Klare

WHO IS NEXT?
Michael Manley

GUATEMALAN REFUGEES
Victor Perera

NOUVEAUX LIBERALS
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DeLOREAN'S MONEY GUZZLER
John McDermott

GLASS'S MUYBRIDGE
Mindy Aloff

PRIVATE CENSORSHIP

KILLING 'KATHARINE THE GREAT'

EVE PELL

On October 22, writers won a rare victory. A publisher that had in effect killed a book agreed to pay the author $100,000 to settle a breach of contract lawsuit she had filed against it. In early 1980, just two months after the publication of *Katharine the Great*, Deborah Davis's much-touted work about Katharine Graham and *The Washington Post*, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich withdrew as the book's publisher because, Davis charged, of complaints about it from Graham and *Post* editor Ben Bradlee. Davis claimed her book had been suppressed, and sued H.B.J. for $6 million in damages. The publisher countered that its withdrawal was "responsible publishing" because the book had many errors.

Davis had proposed the book in 1978. Her outline promised a full account of Graham's life and the inside scoop on *The Post*'s ties with the Central Intelligence Agency. It also said the book would reveal the identity of Deep Throat, the mysterious informant who had been Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein's primary source on the Watergate break-in. In June 1978, she signed a contract with H.B.J. and received an advance of $35,000, a sizable sum for a first book.

In July of the following year, Davis submitted her completed manuscript, which was accepted after she had made some revisions and an outside lawyer, a specialist on libel, had vetted it. Publication day was scheduled for November 6, and a first printing of 25,000 copies was ordered. A vigorous advertising and publicity campaign was planned; the Literary Guild chose *Katharine the Great* as an alternate selection and con-

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LETTERS.

THE TRIALS OF JAMES DEAN WALKER

Oakland, Calif.

Having been involved for some years in the case of James Dean Walker, I was immensely pleased to read Amy Singer's excellent summary and update of this important example of political manipulation of justice ["Who's Afraid of Habeas Corpus?" *The Nation*, Oct. 22].

She writes of the vindictiveness of the state of Arkansas; for the full flavor of that vindictiveness, one must read the Arkansas press. Walker's name is virtually unknown outside that state, but in Arkansas he is constantly in the headlines, the subject of an ongoing newspaper vendetta designed to influence the judiciary.

Just one example of editorial vituperation from a huge pile of clippings: a cartoon in the May 30 *Arkansas Democrat* shows a grinning Walker milking a cow labeled "Publicity." The *Democrat*'s caption says that the Federal court ruling that Walker must be transferred out of Arkansas "stems in part from his crafty ability to gain exposure, and to create sympathy—outside of Arkansas—for himself."

Amy Singer saw it differently: Walker "is a man who has courageously fought for his civil rights." She has done a real service in bringing this case to national attention.

Jessica Mitford

I.B.M. IN SOUTH AFRICA

Armonk, N.Y.

Josh Martin's "Apartheid Inc." [*The Nation*, Oct. 8] contains some inaccurate references to I.B.M.'s operations in South Africa. In particular, it is wrong to state that I.B.M. is among the companies that "make significant contributions to [South Africa's] military strength." I.B.M. strictly complies with U.S. export regulations, which prohibit computer sales to the South African military.

The article also erroneously states that I.B.M. neither recognizes nor negotiates with any of the black trade unions in South Africa. I.B.M. believes unions serve a legitimate function where they are needed. Whether a union is necessary is a matter of employee choice. The employees of I.B.M. South Africa, both black and white, simply have not chosen to have union representation.

Edward Nanas
Director of Information, I.B.M.

MARTIN REPLIES

New York City

You don't have to sell directly to an army to help it get the supplies it needs. I.B.M. has sold its products to a number of South African government agencies and companies whose activities directly or indirectly improve that country's military performance. U.S. export regulations have never seriously interrupted the flow of technology that has helped make the South African military the strongest force in Africa.

As for Edward Nanas's second point, it is hard to believe that I.B.M. workers "simply have not chosen" to have a union. Although the apartheid regime has eased its outright oppression of labor union movements, it has applied stringent antiterrorist laws and engaged in other forms of harassment—tacitly supported by multinationals—to disrupt organizing attempts by any but the most docile black unions.

I.B.M. still draws a profit from its operation in South Africa; it is a willing economic collaborator with the racist regime. One might ask, Has I.B.M., or any other multinational, ever threatened to pull out of South Africa unless the apartheid system is dismantled? The answer, sadly, is No.

Josh Martin

ANOTHER GAFFE BY THE GIPPER

New York City

Mark Green's article on President Reagan's misstatements ["Presidential Truth and Consequences," *The Nation*, Oct. 29] was fascinating. But he omitted one that seems especially significant to me.

I refer to the one Reagan tells about the man who bought an orange in a supermarket with food stamps and then, with the change he received, "bought a bottle of vodka." When a food stamp official said that by law the store could only give 92 cents in change, a White House aide said—I hope with some embarrassment—that he would try to find out how the story originated. (The official said she didn't know of any place that sold a bottle of vodka for 92 cents.)

Since then, I've seen nothing about the story's provenance. I have a strong feeling that it came from the Oval Office. Anybody else telling the story would have said "a bottle of whiskey" or "of gin" or "of liquor." But Reagan, by saying "a bottle of vodka," could imply that Russia was profiting by the food stamp program.

Anyway, I appreciated Green's article. I hope he will try to unseat William Green again. The next time he might win. Perhaps Representative Green worries about that too, despite the wealth of his Grand Union connection—a chain that gets most of its business from people of low income, or no income except welfare, which Reagan is trying to scuttle.

Theodore Wilson

DEALING AWAY RIGHTS OF OTHERS

Chicago

As an activist who has worked for and with the American Civil Liberties Union during the past ten years against intelligence agency abuses, I welcome Angus Mackenzie's article on the A.C.L.U.'s support of C.I.A. exemptions from the Freedom of Information Act ["The Operational Files Exemption," *The Nation*, Sept. 24]. I hope it marks the beginning of a thorough debate over the role the Washington A.C.L.U. crowd has played in negotiating away the rights of people to its left politically.

In the same issue, Morton Halperin and Allan Adler arrogate much moral ground to themselves, defending the A.C.L.U.'s stance as being "in the best interests of those who favor open government" ["There Is No Deal"]. I favor open government and find the A.C.L.U.'s position reprehensible—as was their endorsement of the names-of-agents act, which has curtailed press coverage of intelligence agencies in the magazine I edit, as well as in *Covert Action Information Bulletin* and the new magazine *Counterspy*.

When the staffs of these magazines joined with other groups to the left of the A.C.L.U. to discuss problems regarding the legislative and staff policies of the A.C.L.U.-dominated Campaign for Political Rights, Halperin acted to disband the coalition that founded C.P.R. and replace it with a nonrepresentative, self-perpetuating board of directors devoid of critics of the A.C.L.U.

Halperin and Adler say they "welcome the opportunity to talk" with their critics. Poppycock. Some of us have received their "welcome" often enough to know better. The A.C.L.U. owes the progressive community a more detailed and principled explanation of its questionable activities than that provided in Halperin and Adler's haughty response to Mackenzie's charges.

Chip Berlet, Editor
The Public Eye

CORRECTION AND EMENDATION

Because of an error in transmission, a sentence in Daniel Singer's article on Lech Walesa's Nobel Prize ["Honor the Man—and the Movement," *The Nation*, Oct. 29] was incorrect. The sentence should have read: "But we should remember that by mid-1981 Solidarity had sketched the outline of a national program based on worker councils and worker-managed factories."

* * *

Many readers have written to point out the inaccuracies—in spelling, punctuation and translation—in the Spanish sentences Susan A. Davis excerpted from *A Practical Spanish Grammar for Border Patrol Officers* ["Your Government at Work," *The Nation*, Oct. 15]. The errors rest neither with Davis nor the magazine but with the Immigration and Naturalization Service, which compiled the guide.

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double-spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Letters may be edited for reasons of space.

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EDITORIALS.

Covert Strike

While President Reagan was noisily moving against Third World insurgencies and overseas threats to his power, he was quietly acting to contain the growing black and Hispanic hostility to his power at home. On the very morning Reagan invaded Grenada, he fired three rebellious members of the Civil Rights Commission, because its critical reports have been rallying minority opposition to the Administration. But although the President's blitzkrieg in the Caribbean subdued the natives in a few days, his sneak attack in Washington is much less likely to succeed. It looks to be a long conflict.

Reagan's campaign against the commission began in earnest this May, when he announced he would replace the three commissioners with persons more to his liking. Before Reagan, no commissioner had ever been removed for political reasons—with one exception, the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, whom Richard Nixon fired in 1972. But Nixon's summary action was roundly rebuked; every other President has understood that the historical mission of the agency—to oversee the government's compliance with civil rights laws—protects it from blatant political assaults.

But Reagan was unimpressed by history or purpose. He sought to replace the commissioners—a black woman, a Hispanic woman and a male rabbi—with three men in his own ideological camp [see John S. Friedman and Eric Nadler, "Destro Rides Again," *The Nation,* June 25]. The nominees require Senate confirmation, however, and so far it has been blocked. As a result, the three "holdovers" remained on the commission—until they were fired.

Under cover of the Marine gunships, Reagan decided to bypass the Senate. By firing the three members, he effective-

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ly immobilized the commission; its remaining three members do not constitute a quorum. Reagan says he acted merely to assert his constitutional authority—a rationalization not unlike the incredible one he gave for invading Grenada.

Two of the holdovers, Howard University Prof. Mary Berry and San Antonio educator Blandina Cardenas Ramirez, have filed suit against Reagan in a Federal District Court, seeking a restraining order to allow them to return to work at least until the end of this month, when the commission will be phased out if the Senate does not pass a reauthorization bill. The third fired member, Rabbi Murray Saltzman of Baltimore, did not join the suit, but attacked Reagan for doing "irreparable damage" to the commission.

The suit underscores widespread resistance to Reagan's civil rights record at a time when the political power of minority communities is exploding. Jesse Jackson's Presidential candidacy, announced last Thursday, began as a Democratic affair, but his target has always been Reagan. Jackson has been saying for months that black voters have a unique opportunity to defeat the most racially and economically discriminatory Administration in half a century.

The candidacy of Mel King, the black activist who made an astounding showing in Boston's preliminary mayoral election last month, must also be threatening to Reagan. King is waging an uphill battle against Ray Flynn, his white opponent in the November 15 runoff, but already he has changed the face of Boston politics and has demonstrated the potential of an aroused and enthusiastic minority group. Now Hispanic and Asian-American communities are joining blacks in challenging Reagan's rule. Taken together, these rebellions amount to a major insurgency in American politics, and as the President will soon learn, sneaky strikes cannot keep it under control.

The Hush Is In

The press made a great rowdydow about the news blackout the Administration had imposed on the Grenada invasion—and rightly so. The networks in particular were hurting. Defense Department footage of happy med students greeting their liberators was getting monotonous. But there was a public interest involved. The numerous scenes of the students saying how glad they were to be home and out of the line of fire (though whose bullets they had escaped—Cuba's or America's—was arguable) served to underscore the President's rationalization that the invasion was a rescue operation. In a news vacuum, the media tend to generate propaganda. Their main source for the other side of the story was in Havana, a place not usually given equal time. Is it possible that the Administration's decision to lift the blackout last week was in small part motivated by alarm over all those Cuban faces suddenly appearing on the tube?

On Day One after the lifting of restrictions on American reporters, the Defense Department quickly confessed that certain reports were true: U.S. planes had mistakenly bombed a mental hospital. As reports of helicopter collisions and caches of nineteenth-century weapons swirled about, we asked ourselves, What else haven't they told us?

Blackouts of momentous, controversial events like the Grenada invasion are difficult to maintain: the press, the people and Congress are angered. But we should remember that blackouts come in all shapes and sizes, and that some of them escape the notice of even the most vigilant press. There is a trend toward a quiet kind of censorship that is exercised by the wealthy and the powerful to further their interests, or even their vanity. In the cover article, Eve Pell writes about one example of this trend, the suppression of a book by Deborah Davis which offended Katharine Graham, Ben Bradlee and *The Washington Post*.

Private censorship is less clear-cut than government censorship, but it has the effect of diminishing the public's access to unorthodox views that are almost by definition critical of some important institution or person. Sometimes, as in the Davis case, private overtures are sufficient. Neither Graham nor Bradlee sued, which is laudable, but their ex parte attacks on Davis apparently provided the publisher with an excuse to scuttle her book rather than fight back. When the old-boy circuits are closed, it may take the more or less veiled threat of a libel suit.

That is what happened with Gerard Colby Zilg's book *DuPont: Behind the Nylon Curtain*, a history of the munitions- and chemical-making family [see Robert Sherrill, "The Book That Du Pont Hated," *The Nation*, January 14, 1981]. It was, in the words of a Federal District Court judge, "privished" rather than published. The Du Pont Company obtained advance galleys of it somehow, and a public relations representative got on the phone to tell various parties that it was "scurrilous and actionable." As a result, the Book-of-the-Month Club dropped it as a selection of its Fortune Book Club, and the publisher, Prentice-Hall, cut back the print order and advertising budget. Zilg sued, and the district judge ruled that the publisher owed him $24,000 in royalties the book would have earned if Prentice-Hall had not got cold feet. Recently, an appeals court judge reversed the lower court on all counts, and in an opinion marred by animadversions on Zilg's "Marxism" and "radicalism," the judge held that the publisher had made a good-faith effort to promote a book that would appeal to a limited audience (of Marxists, presumably).

But lots of books are privished, embittered authors will cry, naming theirs as Exhibit A. The point is that by its murky threats Du Pont has put off critical scrutiny. Not surprisingly, the *Delaware Alternative Press* notes, Bill Frank, a columnist for the Wilmington *News Journal* in the heart of Du Pontland, found the appellate court's decision praiseworthy. When he first reviewed the book in 1978, Frank found it riddled with two errors: "For example—and I scream 'Horror!' at this—[Zilg] states that the lovely, demure Jean Kane Foulke was the second wife of the late E. Paul du Pont Sr." On September 11, Frank wrote thankfully: "I can wager . . . that no publisher is going to issue another so-called 'expose' of the Du Pont Co. or the family for a long, long time."

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There are no second acts in American books' lives—few first acts, for that matter—so the threat of a libel suit, or even mention of the word, can make a publisher tuck in his tail. The most egregious example of censorship by threat is the suit Frank Sinatra filed in September against Kitty Kelley, who was researching an unauthorized biography of him. Sinatra may squelch the book before it is even written; he claims not libel but invasion of property rights in his name. If the Pentagon could sue writers, it could stop most of the reporting in this country dead in its tracks. Fortunately, the government isn't as powerful as Frank Sinatra.

Argentina Turns

Buenos Aires

Argentina dried its tears last week. The stunning victory of Radical Civic Union candidate Raúl Alfonsín in the presidential election left some observers here with the feeling that the "sick man" of South America had made an overnight recovery. "There has never been such a clear opportunity to consolidate democracy in Argentina," said Roberto Russell, a political scientist at the University of Belgano. Alfonsín, 56, ran hard against both the brutal military dictatorship and the working-class-based Peronist party, which had been dominated by right-wing labor bosses with a reputation for graft and thuggery prior to the military coup of 1976.

Alfonsín, who has strong ties to European social democrats, was a vigorous opponent of the military government during its eight-year reign, which brought Argentina war, corruption, economic collapse and massive violations of human rights. He was an early critic of the monetarist policies of former economic czar José Martinez de Hoz, and one of the few Argentine politicians who had the courage to criticize the Falklands war, calling it "military madness." When the junta's repression was at its most savage, he helped found the Argentine Permanent Assembly for Human Rights.

The Radicals' victory was greeted with delirious enthusiasm in this city, where tens of thousands took to the streets to celebrate. Although the State Department cabled effusive congratulations to Alfonsín, his victory is likely to nettle hard-liners at Foggy Bottom and the Pentagon. He has forcefully criticized the Reagan Administration's retreat from Jimmy Carter's human rights policies, and he supports the Contadora group's peacemaking efforts in Central America, charging that the United States backs "neofascist" elements in the region. During the campaign, Alfonsín told me that on a scale of one to ten, Reagan's Central America policies deserve a one. Shortly after American troops invaded Grenada, I asked him what he thought of Washington's venture into gunboat diplomacy. "I don't have any way of judging their motives," he replied, "but frankly the reasons they are giving for intervention are absurd."

MARTIN ANDERSEN

Martin Andersen writes for Newsweek *in Buenos Aires.*

Grenada Syndrome

Although it took many people by surprise, the U.S. invasion of Grenada was a logical extension of a well-established Reagan Administration defense policy. For three years, officials have suggested that the Cuba-Grenada alliance represented a severe threat to U.S. security and that extraordinary measures would be justified to overcome that threat. Indeed, what is most surprising is that the Administration did not move sooner to carry out its strategic design.

Since Reagan took office, his Administration has enunciated a clear and consistent military doctrine, holding that: (1) America's overseas economic interests are severely threatened by growing rebellion and "terrorism" in the Third World, most of it attributable to Soviet-Cuban adventurism; (2) this disorder was encouraged by the U.S. disinclination to use military force in resisting such threats (the Vietnam syndrome); and (3) it is imperative that America actively combat Soviet-inspired insurgency to restore the "credibility" of American power and thereby discourage future threats to U.S. interests. These three concerns have produced an interventionist sentiment in the Administration which can now be given a name: the Grenada syndrome.

One of the earliest articulations of the Administration's defense policy came in a speech to the American Newspaper Publishers Association by Secretary of Defense Weinberger in May 1981. Said Weinberger, "We and our allies have come to be critically dependent on places in the world which are subject to great instability." These instabilities are a significant threat in their own right, he said, and furthermore they "present a temptation for various forms of Soviet intervention." Unless they are firmly resisted, this threat will multiply. Therefore, the United States urgently needs to develop "a better ability to respond to crises far from our shores, and to stay there as long as necessary."

Weinberger expanded on this theme the following April in a speech to the corporate members of the Council on Foreign Relations, in New York City. Contending that the Soviet Union had been "emboldened by America's post-Vietnam paralysis" to push "its traditional policy of global expansionism to new dimensions," Weinberger said that the United States must not only resist Soviet incursions in the Third World but also "seek to reverse the geographic expansion of Soviet control and presence, particularly when it threatens a vital interest or further erodes the geostrategic position of the United States and its allies."

That reference to the "geostrategic position" of the United States reflects the presumption, long advanced by conservative military analysts, that the Russians seek to cripple the West by gaining control of the world's sea lanes and maritime "choke points." Because the United States and its allies are so dependent on imported raw materials, the argument goes, the Russians can gain a "stranglehold" over the Western economies by "interdicting" these key trade routes.

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Thus the significance of Grenada. In the Administration's view, the revolution there in 1979 represented a major expansion of Soviet-Cuban influence in the Third World, therefore justifying a military counteraction; it also posed a threat to U.S. interests because of the island's proximity to Caribbean sea lanes.

My first exposure to the Administration's thinking on Grenada came in 1982, when I interviewed Adm. Robert P. McKenzie, then commander of the U.S. Caribbean forces, who contended that previous Administrations had neglected the Caribbean. McKenzie insisted that the region was "absolutely vital to the United States of America"—the conduit through which many of this country's essential imports, including petroleum, pass on their way to U.S. ports, and the locus of sea lanes that link the United States to its allies abroad. Furthermore, "the Soviets know this," and have attempted to establish military bases at opposite ends of the Caribbean—Cuba in the west, Grenada in the east. Grenada is particularly important, he said, because it is "strategically located in a region where the sea lanes converge."

Admiral McKenzie's views are shared by top officials in the Administration and by the President himself. In a major address to the National Association of Manufacturers in March, Reagan decried members of Congress who disparage the importance of Grenada because its major export is nutmeg: "People who make these arguments haven't taken a good look at a map lately. . . . It is not nutmeg that is at stake in the Caribbean, it is the United States' national security."

The reference to national security in that speech should have set alarm bells ringing. By elevating Grenada from a local irritant to a threat to national security, the White House was laying the political foundation for U.S. intervention.

In case there was any doubt about his intentions, Reagan reiterated them in a televised address a few weeks later, calling for the deployment of new weapons in space. Although most media coverage of that speech focused on its Star Wars scenario, Reagan actually devoted half the address to Grenada. "The Caribbean is a very important passageway for our international commerce and military lines of communication," he said. "More than half of all American oil imports now pass through the Caribbean." Why, he wondered, were the Cubans building a 10,000-foot runway at Point Salines? The facility was "unrelated to any potential threat to this island country," and thus "the Soviet-Cuban militarization of Grenada . . . can only be seen as a power projection into the region."

Finally, in his speech to a joint session of Congress on April 27, Reagan completed his case on the Grenadian menace. If a major war broke out, he suggested, Soviet planes might use the airfield to attack ships carrying U.S. reinforcements bound for Europe or the Middle East. Soviet-Cuban domination of Grenada thus presented a danger not only to the Caribbean but to NATO and to all other U.S. commitments abroad. "If we cannot defend ourselves [in this area]," he declared, "we cannot expect to prevail elsewhere. Our credibility would collapse, our alliances would crumble and the safety of our homeland would be put at jeopardy."

The U.S. invasion of Grenada should be viewed as a harbinger of similar U.S. moves elsewhere. The logic of the Grenada syndrome requires a continuing U.S. readiness to intervene whenever and wherever "vital U.S. interests" are threatened by Soviet-inspired violence abroad. Indeed, U.S. forces are poised to take action in the Strait of Hormuz should Iran carry out its threat to block the waterway in retaliation for Iraqi missile attacks on its surviving oil installations. (On October 17, Secretary of State Shultz said that the United States cannot permit anybody to be "in the position of successful use of that kind of tactic.") A large U.S. force will be deployed this month in Honduras as part of Operation Big Pine II, and it is not unlikely that C.I.A.-supported *contras* will use the occasion to precipitate a direct U.S. clash with Sandinist forces in Nicaragua, providing a pretext for full-scale U.S. intervention in that country. U.S. military action is also possible in the Philippines—site of the most important U.S. naval base in the Pacific—if the Marcos government's situation deteriorates further, and in North Africa in response to any new Libyan moves.

Clearly, the Reagan Administration views the Grenada operation as a test both of its military doctrine and of domestic political sentiment. If the reaction to the invasion is circumscribed or muted, the Administration will be persuaded that the Vietnam syndrome has finally been overcome and that Americans will accept a policy of global intervention—the Grenada Doctrine. In the wake of the invasion, the Administration will hold an unofficial plebicite on U.S. foreign policy. All who oppose it should make sure their votes are counted.

MICHAEL T. KLARE

Michael T. Klare is The Nation*'s defense correspondent and a fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies.*

Who Is Next?

Let me begin by granting that the U.S. invasion of the sovereign state of Grenada was popular throughout the smaller islands of the eastern Caribbean region and has the support of a majority of the people in Jamaica. Nonetheless, it was wrong. Furthermore, it has set a precedent that we in the Caribbean will come to regret bitterly.

I was among the first to denounce the detention and subsequent assassination of Maurice Bishop. The party that I lead called for the diplomatic isolation of the ruling military council and for the imposition of selective sanctions by Caricom (Caribbean Community and Common Market) and the international community to bring about the downfall of that regime. So I do not speak as an apologist for the events that led up to the invasion.

When there is a murder, there is often the temptation to follow it with a lynching. Lynchings often enjoy vast, emotional support. That does not make them right. Lynch law represents the breakdown of civilization, even when the man hanged from the tree is clearly and unmistakably guilty. Ac-

(*Continued on Page 468*)

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ARTICLES.

GUATEMALAN INDIAN REFUGEES

Pawns in the Political Game

VICTOR PERERA

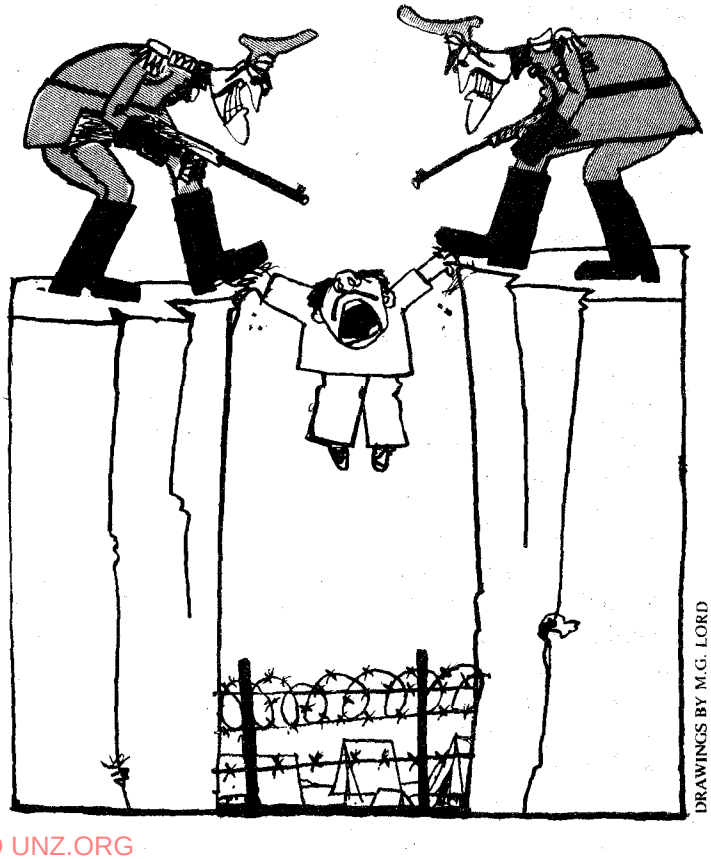
The August 8 military coup in Guatemala, which replaced President Efraín Ríos Montt with the veteran hard-liner Gen. Oscar Humberto Mejía Victores, has brought some superficial changes to Guatemala's foreign policy, bringing it more closely in accord with the Reagan Administration's Central American strategy. (He was the first Central American leader to support unreservedly Reagan's move into Grenada.) But the turnover has brought no relief to the hundreds of thousands of terrified Guatemalan Indians who fled their highland villages as a result of the "pacification" program that began under Ríos Montt's predecessor Romeo Lucas García, and that Ríos Montt continued. At least 100,000 of them now live under rapidly deteriorating conditions in refugee camps along the Guatemala-Mexico border.

In February 1982, when the exodus began in earnest, I went to Chiapas, Mexico, and visited the border camps of La Hamaca and La Sombra, whose occupants have since been dispersed [see Perera, "Two Cultures, Two Extinctions," *The Nation*, November 27, 1982]. I spoke with hundreds of Mam Indians from Huehuetenango province whose homes and fields had been razed in Lucas García's attempt to root out leftist guerrillas by systematically destroying their actual and potential bases of peasant support. Village elders who had tramped for miles with their families carrying scant possessions spoke in numbed voices about neighbors who were burned alive inside their huts; they gave excruciating accounts of 70-year-old grandmothers who were raped and infants who were torn from their mothers and throttled by the *kaibiles*—special military units assigned to pacify the countryside. Only a small percentage of those I interviewed admitted knowing or sympathizing with the guerrillas; the rest insisted they'd had no contact with them, and had not sought any.

This July, when I returned to Chiapas to visit refugee camps in the Lacandon forest, I again heard horror stories of large-scale massacres and village burnings, only the numbers had multiplied because the army's methods had become more efficient. Among the techniques refined by Ríos Montt is the use of "civil defense patrols" composed of peasant farmers trained to ferret out guerrilla sympathizers. The accused are beaten to death with sticks and clubs by their fellow villagers, under the cold eye of the military commander. Those who refuse to take part in the beatings are threatened with execution: their choice is between violent death and complicity in murder.

In the past two years, the official count of Guatemalan Indians in border camps inside Mexico has risen from about 10,000 to 100,000, but this does not include the tens of thousands who have poured across the border in recent weeks to work the coffee harvest. Catholic Church sources estimate that 40,000 Guatemalans have entered Mexico in the past year through the border town of Tapachula, passing themselves off as seasonal workers. At the end of the coffee harvest, great numbers of them stay on in clandestine camps or melt into towns and cities farther north. Only a fraction of these new arrivals are being reached by church relief efforts.

In retrospect, the Indians I saw in 1982 were better off than those who are refugees today. The dozen or so camps then in existence were at least accessible to outsiders, who donated food and supplies unhampered by the immigration authorities. The refugees' plight was reported in the Mexican and the U.S. media, and the response of international relief agencies, including the U.N. High Commissioner on Refugees, was heartening, although never enough to meet the growing needs. The arriving refugees were received warmly by most Mexicans of Mayan descent in Chiapas, who regard them as kin. "Today is their turn, tomorrow ours," they would say, as they shared their provisions and offered grazing lands where the Guatemalans could pitch their *champas*, plastic lean-tos, and erect mud huts. The refugees had reason to look forward to a new start in Mexico, which is universally respected for its tradition of extending asylum to political fugitives from throughout the Americas.



DRAWINGS BY M.G. LORD

Victor Perera is co-author with Robert Bruce of The Last Lords of Palenque: The Lacandon Mayas of the Mexican Rain Forest *(Little Brown).*

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In recent months, however, the tacit welcome Mexico had extended to Guatemalans has given way to a policy of maintaining tight control at the border and keeping the camps isolated. The immediate reasons for this change are not hard to find: The refugees' growing numbers have strained Chiapas's economy and have stirred up old fears among landowners that Guatemalan agitators might spark peasant rebellions which could spread to Oaxaca and communities farther north. At the same time, the Guatemalan military has exacerbated the situation by staging raids against suspected guerrilla bases inside Mexico. Given the number of undocumented Mexicans who cross daily into the United States, Mexico does not care to draw attention to its own problems with Guatemalan refugees, nor to its increasingly severe solutions.

In most cases the local populations have continued to aid the newly arrived refugees; the liberal Mexican and U.S. press have reported countless instances in which Mayan farmers have employed Guatemalans as workers or tenant farmers in exchange for food and a small milpa, or patch of fertile soil. The government, however, is attempting to close its borders and to induce thousands of refugees to go home. The diminished accessibility to the camps allows immigration authorities and the government relief agency COMAR (Commission for Aid to Refugees), which have joined under a single command, to extend a *cordon sanitaire* around the camps, segregating them from the outside world. Thus far this strategy has only partially succeeded.

In mid-July, I managed to visit two of the jungle camps and I also spoke with Guatemalans who had slipped away into nearby towns. I interviewed determined Mexican and foreign relief volunteers who had infiltrated camps along the Lacantun River, where security is particularly tight. The picture that emerges from my experiences and from the interviews I conducted is appalling: aside from massacres and the systematic burning of villages, all of the conditions that forced the Indians to flee Guatemala are being reproduced in the camps along the Lacantun River, in the Montebello Lakes area and in the Marques de Comillas sector of the Lacandon forest.

The rains arrived late this spring, but with a vengeance, and have added untold hardships. In two of the large camps, known as Puerto Rico and Chajul, which are located just a few kilometers from the Guatemalan border and hold 4,000 to 5,000 refugees, malnutrition is endemic; in Chajul alone, until recently, an average of three infants died from it daily, and four or five adults every week. The heavy rains devastated mud-and-thatch dwellings, made roads impassable to relief vehicles and touched off epidemics of bronchitis, gastroenteritis and measles. Chajul is fortunate in being served by nurses belonging to The Sisters of Charity, who have been tending ailing children in the camp and flying the severe cases to San Carlos Hospital in Altamirano, which is privately funded. Children considered hopelessly ill, however, are left in the camps to die.

When I visited the hospital as a blood donor, a planeload of children had just arrived from Chajul, most of them pale from anemia and suffering from a wide range of jungle diseases—malaria, typhoid, diphtheria, amebic dysentery—that were aggravated by undernourishment.

No scene I witnessed was more dramatic than the contrast between the new-arrivals ward, with its spectrally pale children with swollen bellies who stared out of large, somber eyes, and the recovery playroom, where boisterous toddlers and older children romped with nurses. Eyes and faces alight, they climbed all over me. Most of them were eager to return to their families, despite the harsh living conditions in the camps. But one vivacious boy, who had been brought to Altamirano with his skin peeling off like tree bark, had lost both parents and would be put up for adoption, I was told.

In marked contrast to the children are the old people who are on their last legs when they reach the camps and who die within a day or two, silently, unprotestingly. The community spokesman said they preferred to die with dignity on foreign soil rather than be killed in their homeland. I saw a colorfully dressed couple, who had just arrived in Chajul from Quiché, leaning on their walking sticks and looking fixedly into space, oblivious to the commotion around them. They refused to settle in and put up their *champas*. The following day they both died the Indian pilgrim's death, having called on their last resources of strength to arrive at a place in which they could shed their earthly bonds and, after a brief pause, continue the long journey toward the spirit realm of their ancestors.

In a camp of Mam Indians from Colotenango I encountered a widow of about 60. She was strapped to her loom, on which she was weaving a red and yellow striped *traje*, or native skirt. When I prepared to take a picture, she turned toward me without a word and then returned to her weaving. The look on her face haunted me for days afterward; it was as if the ordeal of her people had been etched into her features, and an unextinguishable sorrow burned in her eyes. As her village's surviving matriarch, she was anchoring its remaining hundred or so families to this patch of foreign soil, recreating their sense of community by carrying on a traditional craft, using yarn smuggled out of Guatemala.

In this particular camp, the rains had brought an epidemic of conjunctivitis among the children, but the UNICEF woman who had been supplying them with Terramycin eyedrops and other medications had not come for six weeks. "*A saber*? Who knows?" the spokesman said, with a familiar shrug of resignation, when I asked when they expected her.

Alejandro (as I shall call him), a writer and schoolmaster from a highland province, recently visited the United States in connection with the publication of a tale he had composed about a popular Mayan hero. As a poet and essayist, Alejandro is reclaiming a part of his people's heritage, not on the parchment used by his ancestors but with the Ladinos' Spanish language and a typewriter.

Before he left the United States, Alejandro's wife had written to warn him that his name had appeared on a list of "subversives" published by the Guatemalan government. She urged him to join his parents in southern Mexico. Alejandro flew to Chiapas with the last of the royalties from his

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book and met his parents in a small border camp inhabited by about eighty families, who had as yet received no services from the relief agencies.

"There had been as many as 200 families there," Alejandro told me when we met in San Cristóbal de las Casas, a large city in Chiapas, "but 120 went back when they couldn't get any food. I'm trying to make some money to get my wife and children out of Guatemala, and bring them here." Alejandro is living the life of a typical refugee, scrambling for food for his parents, worrying about the safety of loved ones left behind.

"In Guatemala, all avenues have been closed to us," Alejandro said. "They have taken away our rights to education, land ownership, the vote and economic betterment. I was one of the last in my village to have the opportunity to be educated outside, and to return as a schoolteacher. The only road left to us now is exile, and we must make the most of it to educate the world about the true situation in our country. We are all becoming testimony-bearers to the horrors we have lived. When my older brother was killed by the army, people thought I would lose my head and die seeking revenge. But they did not understand my resolve. I am still young. I have patience. I can wait my turn."

Before I met him, Alejandro was living in a refugee camp, where he served as schoolmaster. But after three months there, he was warned by new arrivals that his life was in danger because *kaibiles* had begun raiding nearby camps. Alejandro then moved to San Cristóbal to look for work. What Alejandro most wanted, next to provisions for his family, was the use of a typewriter. "I have stories to tell," he said. "Many stories."

One of Alejandro's stories is about the Mexican farmers who ask tired and hungry new arrivals at the camps to lend them some of their children. "Let me have your son," they will say. "I will feed him and look after him until you get back on your feet, and then you can come fetch him. I live just up the road."

Alejandro told of a refugee who had to give one of these "Samaritans" 4,000 pesos—his entire life's savings—before he could reclaim his son, only a few days after he had left him with the man.

In the forest district of San Quintín, landowners buy teenagers from refugees and keep them as indentured servants. In some cases, parents are only too happy to place their offspring in homes where they will be fed and sheltered.

The worst of these stories tells of predatory pimps from border towns like Tapachula (where the current refugee flow is the heaviest) who buy girls, aged 12 to 17, for very small sums and put them to work in the town's bordellos. Other teen-age prostitutes have been showing up in Tuxtla Gutiérrez, the capital of Chiapas, where they fetch higher prices.

Roberto, a Mexican filmmaker who has shot thousands of feet of film in more than a dozen camps along the Lacantun River, described to me the extreme deprivations suffered by those who live there. Salt and soap are luxury items, and

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at night the moans of starving children drown out the omnipresent jungle sounds. Roberto also said that some COMAR relief workers conspire with immigration officers to turn away outsiders and bully the Indians into submission.

"The more corruptible refugees are offered double rations, and they are given clubs and assigned to patrol the camps at night, to prevent anyone from going in or out. You can tell them at once by their well-fed looks," Roberto said. "At times I don't recognize my own country. It was as if I had wandered into a Guatemalan village under a state of siege. If an Indian speaks out or becomes a spokesman they try to isolate him from the others and brand him as a dangerous guerrilla; that is the same tactic used by the Guatemalan military. And the corrupted ones are a pale copy of the civilian defense patrols formed to encourage the Indians to kill one another off, and save the military the trouble."

Since Roberto's last visit, relief supplies have reportedly been reaching the camps on the Lacantun in greater quantities, but security remains tighter than ever.

In late July, Mercedes Ozuna, a student at the University of Chiapas who worked as a volunteer distributing supplies to the camps, was picked up in San Cristóbal by five Mexicans in civilian clothes who drove an unmarked car. She was blindfolded and taken to a cell next to that of a university professor named Gustavo Zárate, who had been tortured with electric shocks. The next day she was interrogated about the activities of CARGUA, the Committee for Aid to Guatemalan Refugees, which is the most visible private relief agency in Chiapas. It is directed by a nephew of former President Miguel Aleman of Mexico. Ozuna had only an incidental relationship with CARGUA, but the interrogators let her know they were thoroughly acquainted with its membership and activities, facts which CARGUA has made no effort to conceal. They questioned Ozuna and another student they had picked up the same day, Victor Hugo Gutierrez, about Bishop Samuel Ruiz of San Cristóbal, who heads his diocese's Christian Committee of Solidarity with the refugees.

"Where does he keep the committee's arsenal?" they asked Ozuna and Gutierrez, over and over. "Who are his guerrilla contacts?"

Ozuna and Gutierrez were released in Tuxtla two days later, with the warning, "We don't want anyone helping the refugees." Professor Zárate, who had been accused of possessing drugs and weapons, was forced to sign a confession under torture, implicating himself and Bishop Ruiz, whom he hardly knew, as fellow conspirators in subversion against the state.

These incidents caused a brief furor when they were revealed in an article in the Mexico City weekly *Proceso*, which implied that Absalon Castellon, the Governor of Chiapas and a former military man, might have ordered the arrests as part of a broad new policy of calculated repression. Whatever the reason, the arrests succeeded in temporarily chilling private and church relief efforts inside the camps.

Where is all this leading to? It may be too early to say, but the signs are increasingly ominous. Before Ríos Montt's ouster from the presidency, there were rumors that the United States, Mexico and Guatemala were planning to set up a model village program in the Guatemalan highlands, under U.N. supervision, in an attempt to induce thousands of refugees to return home. The plan was supposedly scrapped after Ríos Montt's overthrow, and replaced by a scheme under which the camps would be closed and the Guatemalans granted temporary economic-refugee status, making them available to work on plantations for a few cents a day. At the end of the harvest season their permits would expire and they could legally be deported to Guatemala.

"The camps on the border have become an embarrassment to everybody," explained Bishop Ruiz, whose kind face and soft-spoken manner belie his public reputation as a fierce defender of the dispossessed, a man who can rally 300,000 armed peasants to his support in a matter of hours. "The refugees have become counters in the power games being played out in Central America by the two superpowers. The model village idea and the dispersal plan are two of several scenarios that have been discussed by Mexico, the United States and Guatemala. One way or another, the border camps will be abolished, causing further suffering to the Indians, who, as in the past, will pay the steepest penalty for the political and social convulsions that are shaking our entire region."

In the past six weeks, special Guatemalan Army units, acting under orders from General Mejía Victores, have again begun systematic raids against villages suspected of

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harboring guerrillas. Fresh waves of Indian *campesinos* are fleeing their homes in embattled zones in Quiché and Huehuetenango provinces and are seeking temporary shelter in the mountains. Thousands of them are certain to make their way across the border into Mexico, where they will join relatives and neighbors in makeshift camps ridden with disease and the unrelenting misery they had hoped to leave behind. □

LETTER FROM EUROPE

The Rise of the Nouveaux Liberals

DANIEL SINGER

Nothing is louder than the silence of intellectuals. This summer the French government's chief press spokesman, Max Gallo, accused left-wing intellectuals of not speaking out in support of President François Mitterrand. Gallo's charges, which were made in a front-page article in *Le Monde*, unleashed a flood of polemic, for months filling the columns of that paper and overflowing into others. Much ado about nothing? To some extent the affair was an example of literary politics at their most comic, but it also had its serious side.

Since at least 1898, when French intellectuals issued a manifesto petitioning for the reopening of the Dreyfus case, the word "intelligentsia" has usually been associated with the left. Its silence today, therefore, is eloquent. In the capital of commitment, of *engagement*, there has been a shift to the right. The political "mistakes" of Jean-Paul Sartre are being discussed and contrasted to the "wisdom" of his former school friend, the liberal conservative Raymond Aron. The rightward shift is not limited to France, of course, and it raises a series of questions. The French case might help us understand the changed climate throughout the world.

Let us begin on the lighter side, in Paris. Every literary circus has its clowns. Among the mourners and critics of the French left is, inevitably, Jean-Edern Hallier, former editor of the *Idiot International*, who for the sake of a headline would bury his grandmother and not just socialism. Or take a writer who is perhaps better known in the United States: Philippe Sollers, former editor of *Tel Quel*, who is living proof, in political terms, of the proposition that weather vanes never change, only the wind. During the revolt of May 1968 he cursed the rebellious students because they did not toe the line of the great party of the working class. Next he condemned the French Communist Party and almost everyone else on the left in the name of Chairman Mao and his "little red book." Now he is a convert to Reaganism and religion. If there is something peculiarly French in all this jumping from bandwagon to bandwagon, it is the speed and

Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s European correspondent and the author of* The Road to Gdansk *(Monthly Review Press).*

THE JEWISH QUESTION

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arrogance with which the act is performed. Yesterday's errors justify today's wisdom: you are considered wise because you were stupid, a *voyant* ("seer") because you were blind.

Which brings us to more eminent figures, like historian Emmanuel Leroy Ladurie, who preaches that "totalitarian communism" is the root of all evil and the Soviet Union the greatest threat confronting humankind. He was, and presumably still is, a serious scholar. He became a television personality in 1975, when his book *Montaillou: The Occitan Village* became a surprise best seller. Since then he has been a familiar name in the media, lecturing on communism and the Soviet bloc. Apparently, if one is an authority on medieval peasants in the Languedoc, one is considered an expert on collective farmers in the Crimea. Ladurie has another reason for sermonizing: like many people of the generation that grew up during World War II, he joined the Communist Party after the war and left it when he became disillusioned with Stalinism.

Stalin having died thirty years ago, however, the number of former Communists who are still trying to atone publicly for their Stalinist sins is dwindling. Hence, to understand the changed mood in France one must look at another acrobatics act, the somersault of the so-called *nouveaux philosophes*. In Britain and America, where the Communist Party was weak, the public recantation coincided with the advent of the cold war in the late 1940s. Its essence was captured in the title of the 1949 book *The God That Failed*, which contained the apologies of prominent ex-Communists like Arthur Koestler, Stephen Spender and Richard Wright. In France the public soul-searching came a quarter of a century later and at a much lower level. The "children of Marx and Coca-Cola," the Maoist offspring of the revolts of 1968, "discovered" the existence of Russian concentration camps in Solzhenitsyn's books and concluded that Marx was the great begetter of barbed wire. Some of these *nouveaux philosophes* were duly celebrated in a *Time* cover story.

The new philosophers no longer make the headlines. The most clever among them, André Glucksmann, now criticizes Mitterrand for being too soft on Qaddafi in Chad. The career of the prettiest and the best self-promoter, Bernard-Henri Levy, belies the truth of the French saying "Ridicule kills." In a devastating review of his *Barbarism With a Human Face*, historian P. Vidal-Naquet demonstrated that Levy had got his facts all wrong, but the intellectual dandy survived that execution and is still a power in publishing. If the *nouveaux philosophes* are no longer as prominent as they were in the 1970s, it is because they have fulfilled their function—by which I don't mean the minor role they played in the 1978 elections, when they were allowed on television to warn viewers that if they voted for the Socialists they would end up in the gulags.

No, these born-again freedom fighters have played a larger role in French intellectual life. The pillars of the establishment were shaken in the 1960s, when a new generation questioned alienating work, economic and social injustice and the absurdities of the consumer society. In France and in Italy, students and young workers outlined terms of a possible alliance. Women and ecologists added their concerns to the left's agenda. In the 1970s, the world economic crisis could have provided the movement with what it needed most—unity of purpose.

The powers that be realized that such a unification had to be prevented. They had to discredit not just the Russian experiment but the idea of revolution itself. This dirty job had to be carried out by young ex-leftists whose ideological wounds were still bleeding. A Raymond Aron lecturing on the Soviet hell and defending capitalism as a lesser evil wouldn't do in the mid-1970s. He would have drawn yawns. But the political mood does change in seven years. When Aron's memoirs were published a few weeks ago, they were praised to the skies by his critics, and on his death in October, the funeral orations were so unanimously laudatory that it seemed the divide between left and right had vanished.

The collapse of the Soviet model as a radical alternative and the concomitant decline in the influence of Western Communist Parties have certainly contributed to the resurgence of conservatism. As a result it is often argued (even, occasionally, in the pages of *The Nation*) that it is a mistake for the left to criticize the Soviet Union. With our enemies busy slandering the Soviet bloc, the argument runs, the left should husband its scarce resources and limit its criticism to domestic or capitalist targets. I think that attitude is both wrong and politically shortsighted.

In contrasting Aron's "wisdom" on the Soviet Union to Sartre's "foolishness," conservative manipulators ignore the historical context of the debate. The cold war and the Korean conflict are forgotten. American imperialism did not exist. It is conveniently forgotten that organs of "cultural freedom," like *Encounter* or *Preuves*, and the "free" labor unions, like Force Ouvriére, were financed by the C.I.A. The right's distortion of the past is facilitated by the fact that for a number of years not only faithful Stalinists but agnostics like Sartre chose to keep silent on the Soviet Union's crimes so as "not to bring despair to Boulogne Billancourt," the Paris suburb where the Renault auto works is located, regarded as the fortress of the French working class. The cover-up inevitably boomeranged. When the truth came out, the establishment's spokesmen had an easy time lumping together communism and the concentration camp.

But should the left play fair with an opponent who is permanently cheating? The answer is, Yes: our morals and our aims are very different. The right, whose purpose is to preserve the rule of a privileged minority, can do so only by fooling most of the people some of the time. The left can win only through the political education of the majority. If socialism is conceived not as a gift from above but as a gradual acquisition of power by politically conscious working people, then success through deceit is by its very nature self-defeating. This does not mean that the left is disarmed facing its domestic adversary. Quite the contrary. Having clearly specified its own reasons for attacking Andropov or Jaruzelski, the left can expose the hypocrisy of the right.

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In particular, it can expose the latest bunch of turncoats as they follow the familiar road from heretic to renegade, to borrow a phrase from the title of one of Isaac Deutscher's books. Their odyssey began during the Algerian war when they accused the French C.P. of not being sufficiently anti-colonialist; now they urge Mitterrand to act as the gendarme of Africa. The same people who in 1968 accused the Communists of betraying the anticapitalist revolution are now the staunchest defenders and panegyrists of capitalist society. The truth of their early charges does not render their present posture any prettier. Far from it.

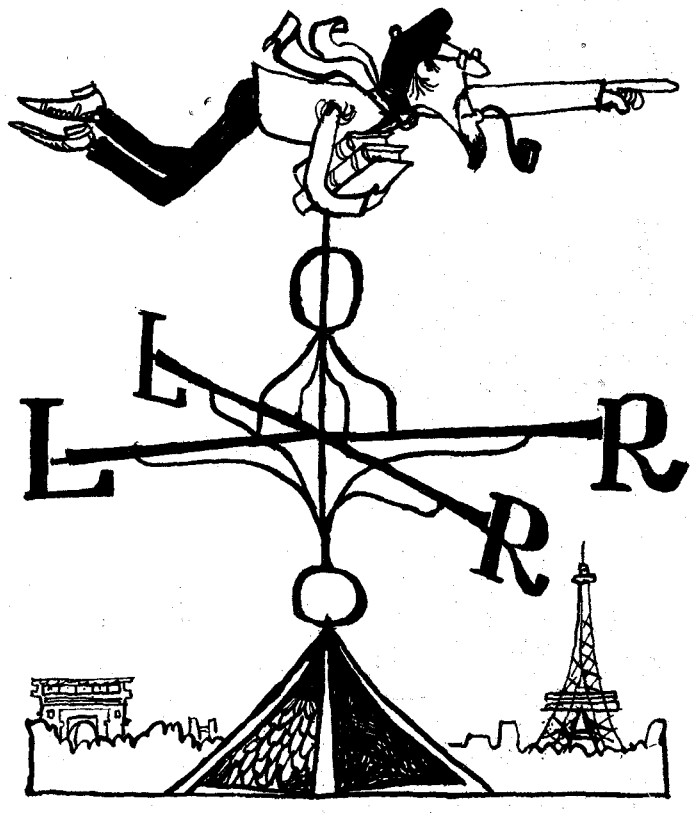
France's great accusers of Stalinism have borrowed its methods. They use innuendo, libel and guilt by association to discredit opponents. We have no proof that pacifists are in the pay of the K.G.B., they say, but "objectively" . . . Recalling Zhdanov at the height of the cold war, they insist on the idea of the "principal enemy"—in their case the Soviet Union—which allows them to turn a blind eye to crimes perpetrated in Chile and El Salvador. Describing local Communists as "Red fascists," they have even managed to revive, in a new guise, Stalin's blundering characterization of Nazism and social democracy as "twin evils," in the early 1930s.

In Paris this "antitotalitarian" campaign is approaching its second climax. The first came around 1979. The new philosophers had laid the groundwork for the return of what once was called the "respectful left"—respectful of capitalism, that is, though the derisive nickname was inspired by Sartre's play *The Respectful Prostitute*. At the turn of the decade these "moderates" wanted the Socialist Party to choose a new leader, Michel Rocard, and break off its alliance with the Communists. Mitterrand was regarded as an obstacle to victory and rudely told to get out of the way. He refused to oblige. Not only did he win the battle for the leadership of the party; he won the battle for the presidency as well. On the morning after the election, it was rather enjoyable to see his groveling ex-critics eat their words. But they didn't change their minds. They merely shut up for a year or so, until the postvictory euphoria wore off. Then, as the Socialist government got bogged down and resigned itself to adapting to its capitalist environment, they gradually recovered their voices. This time, they raised them in praise: Mitterrand stands up to the Russians, they cried; hence, his foreign policy is marvelous. He has become more realistic in economics and he recently dropped the very idea of class struggle. Now he need only draw the logical conclusion and kick the Communists out of the government.

The French Communist Party is prone to hand its opponents sticks to beat it with; its attacks on Lech Walesa and Solidarity are only the most recent examples of that proclivity. The party's critics naturally take advantage of those opportunities, though they often use them merely as a pretext for slamming the party—not for its very real faults but because of its past image as a revolutionary force and a defender of the interests of the working class. The present campaign of the renegade intellectuals is aimed at reviving the idea of a "third force"—though not in the international sense of making France, and ultimately Europe, a neutral party between the superpowers. The campaigners are pro-NATO and violently hostile to the pacifist movement. Neutralism has lost a great deal of ground in France. *Le Monde* used to be painful prose for the U.S. State Department because of its nonaligned positions; now it makes pleasant reading. Whether it rains in Lithuania or shines in Alabama, its editorials continually draw the same conclusion: Europe needs the Pershing 2s and the cruises.

What the French cold warriors have in mind is a *domestic* third force, an alliance of the center against "both extremes." This would involve no change in foreign policy, but at home it would mean a deal between moderate left and moderate right, between social democrats and liberal conservatives. In other words, the subordination of labor to capital. There is a precedent for such a realignment, though not one that sponsors of the policy care to mention. Nearly thirty years ago a similar coalition was formed under the notorious Guy Mollet. Mollet was the "socialist" Prime Minister who presided over the Algerian war and the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt after Nasser nationalized the Suez Canal in 1956. The principal gravedigger of the Fourth Republic, he was also responsible for the slow death of the S.F.I.O., as the Socialist Party was known before its resurrection under Mitterrand's auspices.

Pressures on the left to move toward the center are not strictly a French phenomenon. In Britain, the Social Democratic Party was founded with a similar goal. Such an idea makes sense from the point of view of the establishment. The economic crisis leads to polarization in politics. The right grasped this fact at once and immediately dropped the mask of consensus. The left's logical counter to that move would be greater radicalization, and the establishment



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is trying to prevent this by hook or by crook. In Britain, the Social Democratic Party was founded to counteract the leftward shift of the Labor Party. The campaign in France has the same objective. This similarity suggests that the collapse of the Soviet model is not the main cause of the present disarray of the left. It might have played a crucial role in France or Italy, which have large Communist Parties, but not in Germany, Britain or the United States, where the left is also faltering. The left is bewildered because it has no coherent and credible answer to the economic crisis.

In his call for leftist intellectuals to speak in support of the government, Max Gallo was both foolish and wise. Foolish because if they do raise their voices it will be to condemn the government, to contrast yesterday's promises with today's practices, which differ so little from those of previous governments. The traditional gap between dream and reality? No, the traditional betrayal of socialist principles for the sake of subservience to the logic of the capitalist system. On the other hand, Gallo was wise because a left-wing government stands no chance of success without offering solutions that are reached through an open debate. Mitterrand is threatened not only by the silence of the intellectuals but by the mass desertion of his supporters.

The Socialists having rapidly reverted to the management of capitalist society and the Communists being still tied to the Soviet model, a great deal of the blame for the present plight belongs to those who call themselves members of the New Left. While the economy was still booming, they raised the right questions about the reorganization of the workplace, about new patterns of consumption and about attacking state power at its roots in social inequality. Yet when the economic crisis placed those issues on the political agenda, these people vanished from the scene. It will be argued that new ideas and projects can't arise without foment from below, without a social movement demanding them. But there can also be no progressive social movement without ideas, without a project.

Time is running out. Amid increased social tensions, the right is revealing its ugly fascist face. The left, if it wants to avoid total defeat, must begin, however belatedly, to find its own way out instead of accepting borrowed ideas. It should ignore the turncoats who are exploiting conditions in Eastern Europe for their own ends, crying, Gulag, Gulag to conceal vested interests. Our former companions on both sides of the ocean who yesterday claimed they wanted to change society radically and today are, nakedly or in disguise, the stooges of the establishment can be dismissed with the celebrated words of Shelley to Wordsworth:

> In honoured poverty thy voice did weave
> Songs consecrate to truth and liberty.
> Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve
> Thus, having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

P.S. As a singer and actor, Yves Montand is a great craftsman. He is much less skilled in politics, and therefore openly says things that his colleagues would prefer to utter privately. As such he is a good illustration of how far an honest

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man who has genuine regrets over his association with Stalinism can travel. One hopes he can still awaken and realize where this journey is taking him.

Born Yvo Livi sixty-two years ago in Tuscany, Montand was brought to France by his communist father. He was launched in his career immediately after World War II by Edith Piaf, and his tall figure onstage came to personify the jolly prole confident of his future. He and his wife, Simone Signoret—the striking *Casque d'Or* who became a great actress—were a prominent left-wing couple. She occasionally performed in progressive plays; he sometimes sang at the annual jamboree of *L'Humanité*. Many assumed, wrongly, that they were members of the Communist Party.

Montand was booked to sing in Moscow at the time of the Hungarian insurrection in 1956, and he kept the engagement. In her moving autobiography, *Nostalgia Isn't What It Used To Be*, Signoret describes his soul-searching at the time. That was the beginning of the end of their affair with the Soviet Union. Yet while trying to make up for past mistakes, the couple retained their leftist convictions. They both played in *The Confession*, a Costa-Gavras film about the 1952 Slansky trial in Prague. They gave their signatures, money and time to various causes—relief for the victims of Franco in Spain, the Chartists in Czechoslovakia, the mothers of the "disappeared" in Argentina, imprisoned members of Solidarity in Poland. In recent months, however, one got the impression that the arguments of the *nouveaux philosophes* had gone to Montand's head. He began talking as if fighting the "Red peril" were his top priority. Then came the municipal election in Dreux.

Dreux is a town some sixty miles west of Paris with a population of about 35,000, one-fifth of whom are immigrants. The racist National Front chose this place to play on the xenophobic instincts of the French voters. The election put Dreux on the political map. Not because the right conquered the town hall; the swing away from the left is at this stage widespread. Not even because the National Front polled nearly 17 percent of the votes cast. It was a historic occasion because the respectable right gave its blessing to the fascists. In France you don't vote directly for a mayor; you vote for a list of municipal councilors who then elect the mayor. If no list wins an absolute majority on the first ballot, there is a second one. In this vote candidates of one party are often merged on lists with those of other parties. That is what happened in Dreux, where the honorable liberal conservatives, followers of Giscard d'Estaing and Jacques Chirac, added four racists from the National Front to their list. The right was thus true to its prewar self, when in the hour of crisis it proclaimed, "*Plutôt Hitler que le Front Populaire*" ("Rather Hitler than the Popular Front").

Now, as then, there are exceptions, the most prominent being Simone Veil, former president of the European Parliament and a former inmate of Nazi concentration camps. Though she is a conservative, Veil said she would abstain from voting in Dreux because of the presence of the National Front candidates on the conservatives' list. Her stand, which revealed by contrast the true nature of the "honorable men" presiding over the French right, created

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quite a stir. One morning, I was awakened by a man yelling over the radio that he too would abstain in Dreux. Another conservative with a conscience? No. The man was shouting that he could not vote together with the supporters of those who overran Afghanistan and Poland. "But those are the arguments of the right," objected the interviewer. To which the man responded: "They always throw it at you: 'Be careful, you'll play into the hands of Reagan.' Fuck them. . . . The principal enemy is not there, he is in the *gulag* . . . one doesn't say it because Reagan . . . shit!" It sounded like the yelling and swearing of somebody trying to convince himself. But there were no second thoughts.

Montand was the man I heard shouting that morning, and he spoke in the same vein on TV shortly afterward, adding, among other gems: "Why didn't the intellectuals, the pacifists stage demos when the Russians were deploying their SS-20s?" Apparently, he just couldn't omit any songs from his repertory.

When Simone Veil preached abstention in Dreux, she voted against racism. When Montand preached abstention, he backed the National Front. In doing so, he accepted the premise of the unscrupulous right—that four "nationalist" councilors in Dreux are less harmful than "four Red fascists." If he can swallow that absurd proposition, he should in the future rely on his accompanist for political advice. The difference is so simple, it could be played with one finger on the piano. □

The Killing

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

tracted to begin distributing a book-club edition that winter; and thousands of copies were shipped to bookstores. In other words, all the initial signs were favorable.

Then the trouble started. As promised, Davis had named Deep Throat in the book. He was, she claimed, Richard Ober, a counterintelligence expert with the C.I.A. and former head of Operation Chaos, a campaign to disrupt antiwar and antidraft groups during the Vietnam conflict. In a letter written on publication day, a lawyer representing Ober charged that certain references to his client were "defamatory and libelous." He demanded that all copies of the book be recalled immediately, and that the errors be corrected.

The letter called Davis's theory that Ober had been involved in Watergate dirty tricks a "complete fabrication." Specifically, it branded as false Davis's assertion that Ober had been involved with the "Plumbers," the group of clandestine operatives headed by former C.I.A. agents E. Howard Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy. It also denied he had helped plan the break-in at the office of the psychiatrist of Daniel Ellsberg, the former Defense Department employee who had leaked the Pentagon papers to the press. Davis agreed to delete all allegations about Ober's involvement in Watergate; however, since the lawyer did not deny her claim that Ober was Deep Throat, she let that stand. A second printing of 1,500 books containing the corrections was ordered by the publisher.

A couple of weeks after Davis received the letter from Ober's lawyer, there was more trouble. Ben Bradlee sent an angry letter, dated November 20, to Gene Stone, Davis's editor at H.B.J., claiming that Davis had made thirty-nine errors in the thirty-nine pages where his name appeared; he listed twenty-six of them. Most were minor, but several (if indeed they were errors) were crucial to Davis's thesis that *The Post* and the C.I.A. had secretly collaborated. Bradlee wrote, "I am told I could sue you, although, as an editor, libel suits are an anathema to me." He threatened to "tell author friends to steer clear of you as though you had the plague, to brand Davis as a fool, and to put your company in that special little group of publishers who don't give a shit for the truth."

About a week after Bradlee had dispatched his blistering letter, a reporter from *The Post* called Stone and asked if it was true he had been fired because of the Graham book. In a memorandum to William Jovanovich, chairman and chief executive editor of H.B.J., Stone said he believed that the false rumor he had been fired was started because of Bradlee's unhappiness with Davis's book. Two weeks later Stone sent a second memorandum to Jovanovich, saying "I understand from friends of mine at *The Post* that Mr. Bradlee plans on making life difficult for me for working on the book."

H.B.J. sent Bradlee's list of alleged errors to Davis, asking for her comments. Davis told me that David Blasband, a libel lawyer with a firm retained by H.B.J., advised her not to take the list seriously and to come up with a quick response. Blasband, however, says he told Davis just the opposite. She prepared a reply that weekend. In it, she conceded that she had been wrong in eight of the twenty-six instances, failed to answer Bradlee's charges in two others and stuck to her guns on the rest. H.B.J. took Davis's hasty response seriously. According to the publisher, her replies were so inadequate that the firm lost confidence in her. As a result, it decided to drop the book.

Plans to distribute the second printing were scuttled, and fulfillment of back orders from bookstores was halted. According to internal H.B.J. memorandums, shredding of the first-run *Katharine the Great* began in December 1979. Copies that had not yet been destroyed were "physically segregated" in the warehouse, "draped with a tarp, and marked with the warning that no copies of the book were to be shipped without the express permission of the Chairman." Later, these were also shredded. The destruction took place even though H.B.J. had back orders for 204 copies in early January. Eventually, the second printing, which contained the changes made at the behest of Ober, was also shredded.

On January 4, H.B.J. told the Literary Guild not to proceed with its edition of *Katharine the Great*. In a letter to the Guild (which, like all letters and memorandums I have cited, was obtained by Davis's lawyers in pretrial discovery proceedings), H.B.J.'s lawyer said that the Guild's license

Eve Pell is at work on a book about censorship and free speech for Beacon Press.

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AMOS OZ

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to publish its edition had not been "fully signed," even though the check for the $10,000 the book club paid for the rights had been cashed and H.B.J.'s representative had in fact signed the contract. Much annoyed, the Guild asked to be reimbursed $58,691, representing lost profits from sales of the book, lost membership fees, expenditures on advance publicity, the production costs of its edition, and the costs of notifying members that the book would not be available and of processing complaints.

On January 7, Davis says, she received a phone call from Peter Jovanovich, director of the company's trade division and son of William Jovanovich, who said that her book was being taken off the market and that all rights would revert to her. He was telling her that her book was dead.

"The decision was a *fait accompli*. It was outrageous," says Elaine Markson, Davis's literary agent. "H.B.J. released the information that they were dropping the book before they got in touch with me. I've never seen anything like this before in publishing. H.B.J. was very high on this book; they spent a lot of money on it."

Once H.B.J. backed off, Hodder and Stoughton, which had purchased the British rights to *Katharine the Great*, decided to pull out as well. They informed H.B.J. that they didn't want to risk a libel suit and that they felt the "loss of the [American] publisher's support must put the standing of the book in considerable doubt."

But no libel suit was filed. Peter Jovanovich explained to Davis in his phone call that the company had acted "for publishing reasons, not legal reasons." H.B.J. attorney Richard Udell told *Publishers Weekly* that "certain facts and circumstances have arisen since publication that have changed the relationship between publisher and author."

Davis believes that the reason for the publisher's action was William Jovanovich's desire not to offend Katharine Graham and Ben Bradlee. Graham did not formally protest to H.B.J., however, until January 10. In a letter to William Jovanovich she complained of inaccuracies in the book and questioned Davis's journalistic credentials. She also referred to a talk between Bradlee and Jovanovich on the matter. Presumably, the two had reached an understanding. In a reply dated January 15, Jovanovich apologized profusely for the distress the book had caused her. On January 22, Graham wrote to Jovanovich to express her "admiration for what you did and the way you did it." Three days later, Bradlee invited Jovanovich to write a piece for *The Post* on "editorial blackmail," a term the publisher had used in his letter to Katharine Graham to describe situations "in which persons say that if you reject a work or demand meticulous documentation you are repressing free expression and limiting the truth."

At the time, Davis did not protest. She had collected her advance and the rights had reverted to her. "It's all worked out for the best," she told *Publishers Weekly*. She was theoretically free to resell the book to another publisher. However, she was unable to interest one. According to Raymond Bongiovanni, an associate of Elaine Markson, "There was a stigma attached to the book and nobody wanted to get involved."

After two years, Davis retained Steel and Bellman, a New York law firm which has been active in the movement for writers' rights, to sue H.B.J. The reason she had waited so long, she said, was that she had been in shock; it had been a "traumatic" experience. In July 1982, she filed a complaint in Federal District Court in New York City, claiming that the publisher had breached its contract to sell and promote the book, and demanding $6 million in damages.

The lawsuit attracted considerable attention in the press. Most of the stories agreed with *The Washington Times*'s characterization of the key question in the case: "Was it censored? Or was it wrong?" The stories failed to mention that the customary procedure when books contain errors is to make corrections in a subsequent printing.

After the suit was filed, Peter Jovanovich told *Publishers Weekly* that Bradlee's bill of particulars had been convincing, while Davis's rebuttal had not. "There was no issue of censorship or intimidation—simply one of responsible publishing," he said. "We did not recall any books from booksellers." Gene Stone, now a senior editor at *Esquire*, said to me, "Nobody ever told me what the exact reason was. It was implied that, among other things, the book was filled with inaccuracies." Asked whether pressure from Bradlee and Graham had caused the book to be dropped, Stone replied, "I can't tell you that I know one way or another."

Davis maintains that the errors in her book were minor (e.g., she got the name of Bradlee's third cousin wrong). However, a former reporter for *The New York Times* who has written about Graham told me he found Davis's work "not thorough—way off on the wrong track."

Reviews of the book in *The New York Times* and *The Los Angeles Times*, published before H.B.J. withdrew from the book, took Davis to task for her mistakes, for failing to document her most serious accusations and for engaging in loose speculation. For example, after reporting that in his youth Ben Bradlee worked as a clerk for the American Civil Liberties Union for six months, she writes, "This job, so out of character for the young patriot, may or may not have been an intelligence assignment." No source or other basis for that speculation is offered, although Bradlee did work for the Office of Strategic Services during World War II.

Davis crammed her book with intimate personal details about Katharine Graham; her parents, Eugene and Agnes Meyer; and her husband, Philip, and topped that off with generous dollops of gossip. Yet her anecdotes are often unconvincing. One wonders, for instance, how Davis knew that when Graham took a trip to the Aegean, "perhaps she too would have liked at this time to have had a love affair."

Davis's hasty rebuttal to Bradlee's list of twenty-six errors is also unconvincing. To Bradlee's assertion that he had not met Richard Helms, former Director of Central Intelligence, until he was 37 (she had written that they were childhood friends), she replied, "O.K., so Bradlee met Helms for the first time when he was a reporter in Washington and was developing his intelligence agency sources." Neither the substance nor the "so what" tone of her answer

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could have been reassuring to her publisher.

Bradlee also insisted that he had never met Richard Ober, whom Davis had identified as his Harvard "chum." Davis replied that they must have known each other, since they both belonged to Harvard's Hasty Pudding Club. In the book, Davis describes the Hasty Pudding Club as an "eating club, where they ate together every night." Actually, in Bradlee's day young men out of prep school frequently joined Hasty Pudding as well as a smaller, more exclusive club. Bradlee had belonged to A.D., very small and very select, but Ober had not. Had they both been members of A.D., they surely would have known each other, but they both could have belonged to the larger, less exclusive Hasty Pudding and never met.

Whether such errors justified the publisher's headlong retreat is another matter, particularly in view of its failure to consult with Davis before making the drastic decision to withdraw from the book.

Davis's central thesis—that *The Post* is, in effect, an organ of government propaganda—seriously challenges the paper's credibility. She feels that Bradlee and Graham picked out insignificant mistakes and used them to bring pressure on the publisher to suppress the book. Corrections could have been made in a subsequent printing or indicated by an errata slip, she says, but her unorthodox criticism of a powerful newspaper should be heard.

Behind all this is the question, Should a publisher drop a book that is under attack by a powerful media conglomerate? A person involved with the publication of *Katharine the Great* who asked not to be named said that William Jovanovich was personally embarrassed by the book, and that Davis was "an unfortunate victim of his mean personality."

According to Richard Udell, H.B.J. feared a libel suit. "Bradlee's list gave us concern," he told me. "Lawyers—myself included—felt it would affect our defense if we were sued." Once the firm had reason to doubt the author's accuracy, it could no longer be confident of successfully defending itself. Udell recalled that the Supreme Court's decision in *New York Times v. Sullivan* makes a publisher potentially liable for publishing material whose accuracy it doubts.

In answer to a question from Davis's attorney in the pretrial discovery proceedings, however, Udell said he had never requested a legal opinion on the potentially libelous material in the book. When asked who he had expected might sue and what material in the book he had thought might be libelous, he replied, "No one in particular," and "Nothing in particular."

Udell told me that H.B.J. did not give Davis a chance to challenge the book's withdrawal because her reply to Bradlee's list of errors "did not indicate a responsible attitude on her part. The question was, Did we want to be associated with this book? The answer was, No. I don't think you bargain with an author about that."

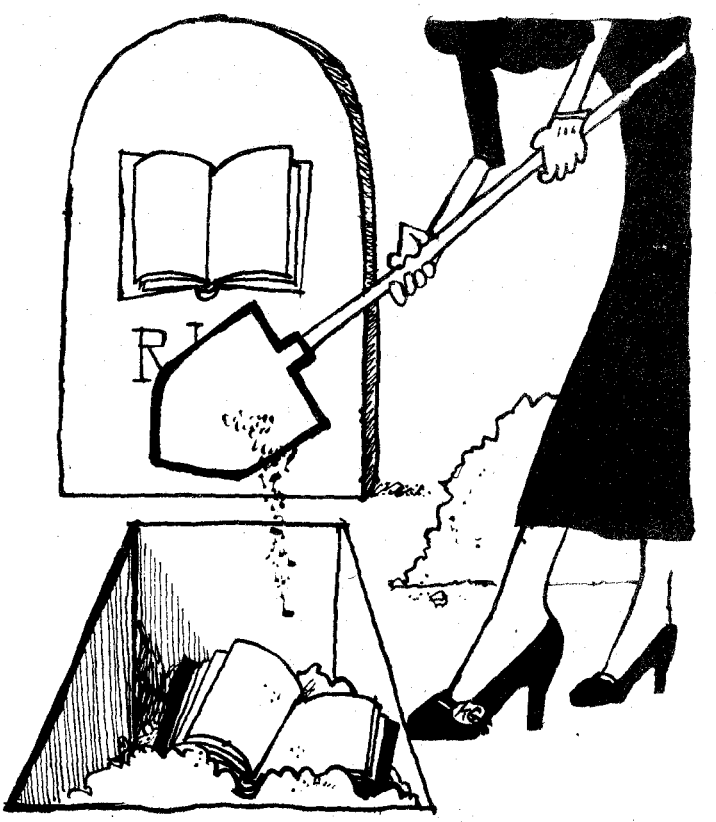
When I asked if Bradlee or Graham had influenced H.B.J.'s decision in any way, Udell said, "That's ridiculous. We are a major publishing house, a Fortune 500 company. We have taken on more controversial projects than this. We've faced far worse publicity from doing this [dropping the book] than if we had done nothing."

Neither party to the dispute is without fault, although Davis won a significant legal victory. H.B.J. appears to have been eager to cash in on a sensational, gossipy book exposing the rich and powerful. The publisher failed to check out the facts or even to insist on adequate footnotes and documentation. Davis also failed to check some facts, and she did not even request interviews with Bradlee or Ober. (Graham declined the opportunity.)

Still, H.B.J.'s treatment of Davis was shoddy. The publisher never told her that prior to ditching the book and impugning its accuracy, H.B.J. had nominated it for an American Book Award. *Katharine the Great* is worth reading, particularly for its history of Katharine Graham's parents, the Meyers. And Davis's theories about the ties between *The Post* and the government merit publication and discussion.

H.B.J.'s settlement with Davis has given writers some hope of recourse when publishers bury their books. Her lawyer, Richard Bellman, told me, "This settlement is in accordance with a recent Second Circuit Court decision that writers are entitled to a good-faith promotion and distribution by their publishers. The settlement will also assist writers in confronting the ever-growing problems of censorship by publishers."

Deborah Davis's book ran into just such a censorship problem. While H.B.J. insists that its fears of libel were valid, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Ben Bradlee and Katharine Graham, using the subtle, trackless means available to the powerful, succeeded in discrediting and thus killing a book that they found offensive. □



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Who Is Next?

(*Continued From Page 454*)

cordingly, the popularity of the invasion does not influence my judgment.

There is a principle in international relations that is sacred. It states that foreign forces must never enter another country's territory unless invited by the duly constituted authorities there to help in the defense against an external threat. An invasion to rescue one's nationals is a special circumstance and is permissible only when the danger is real and the military operation is limited to effecting their release.

When we in the Caribbean go on an emotional joy ride about U.S. troops defeating a country with a population of 110,000, we are celebrating the abrogation of this most fundamental principle. Furthermore, the smaller we are, the greater is our dependence on this principle, and the more serious the implications of its breach.

Let us examine the reasons that have been advanced by U.S. and Caribbean leaders to justify this act that holds such ominous implications.

It has been said that the invasion was necessary to restore democracy. If restoring democracy were the test of its legitimacy, we must ask, Whose version of democracy? Decided by whom and imposed by whom? If U.S. intervention in Grenada was obligatory, why not in Honduras, Guatemala, Chile, Paraguay, Uruguay, Haiti, South Africa?

It is also argued that the invasion was in response to an invitation under a treaty. The treaty between the seven members of the Organization of Eastern Caribbean States is clear on two points: First, the members pledge to come to one another's aid if there is an external threat to their security. Second, such action requires unanimous approval.

Six of the seven members of the O.E.C.S. announced they felt threatened by Grenada. But Grenada is not an external entity; it is a member of the organization. Moreover, Grenada had no voice in the decision that it be invaded. The United States has suggested that Governor General Paul Scoon called for the invasion, but that rationale surfaced very late in the day, after one Caribbean prime minister had already said that he wanted an invasion to free Bishop. In any event, why didn't the Queen's representative in Grenada send her a message indicating his desire that U.S. troops invade the country?

THE ROSENBERG DEBATE TAPES

The historic debate, "Were the Rosenbergs Framed?" sponsored by *The Nation* and *The New Republic* at Town Hall on October 20, can now be purchased in typed transcript and/or cassette tape form. Complete transcripts are available for $24 each; tape cassettes are $19 each. Special discounts are available on orders of five or more. Send check or money order payable to *The Nation* to: "Rosenbergs," *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. If you'd like more information, call Mr. Monaco at (212) 242-8400.

The other justifications commonly advanced have already been dealt with in the American press, so I need touch on them only briefly. The "danger" to the American medical students arose because of the invasion and the school's proximity to the U.S. Marines' initial target, the new airport. As for that menacing airport at Point Salines, the British construction firm that designed it has categorically denied that it was intended for military purposes. It was built to accommodate wide-body jets carrying tourists, and three other airports in the Caribbean have longer runways.

The fact of the matter is that the invasion and conquest of Grenada by U.S. force was carried out for political reasons in defiance of international law. Certain prime ministers saw an opportunity to destroy a government they did not like after a group opposed to Maurice Bishop was stupid enough to provide them with a pretext. President Reagan has long sought an excuse to destroy the New Jewel Movement and was only too happy to receive the invitation and act accordingly.

What is more, there were alternatives to an invasion. Caricom could have isolated the new government diplomatically, prevented oil shipments from reaching the island or frozen Grenada's assets. If those measures did not work, further sanctions—such as cutting off shipments of spare parts, arms and ammunition—could have been applied. Such pressures could have mortally weakened the military council, which had faced widespread opposition from the Grenadian people because of the killing of their popular leader. There is evidence suggesting that the council was frightened and trying to backtrack.

In other words, a basis existed for negotiations aimed at compelling the military council to surrender its power and restore civilian rule. Such negotiations would have enabled the Grenadian people to take an active role in the process of returning their country to civilian control. And the Caribbean nations would have avoided setting a precedent which leaves them open to future U.S. intervention. The next time the United States does not like a government, it can use the example of Grenada to justify military action. Central America's relationship with the United States has a long and tragic history: Honduras, Nicaragua, Cuba and Mexico have all had U.S. forces invade their soil, because Washington did not like some regime or turn of events. Since World War II, the United States has interfered in Guatemala and the Dominican Republic. But never had it done so in the English-speaking countries of the Caribbean. Because of the intemperate, hasty and entirely ideological decision to call in a foreign army to solve our problems, we have added our territories to the list of those that are fair game.

Some have said that a bold act was required. But what was so bold about inviting a mighty military power to invade one of the smallest nations in the world? Such an invitation smacks of neocolonialist cowardice to my mind. I end with a question: Who will be next and what will be the consequences then?

MICHAEL MANLEY

Michael Manley, former Prime Minister of Jamaica, is the leader of the opposition People's National Party.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Entrepreneur's New Clothes

JOHN McDERMOTT

DREAM MAKER: The Rise and Fall of John Z. DeLorean. *By Ivan Fallon and James Srodes. G.P. Putnam's Sons/ A Boston Book. 455 pp. $16.95.*

GRAND DELUSIONS: The Cosmic Career of John DeLorean. *By Hillel Levin. Viking. 336 pp. $15.95.*

In recent years and with great effort many of the world's religions have begun to shed the superstitions that cling to their doctrines. Not so economics. The story of John Z. DeLorean provides a case in point.

With his trial for cocaine dealing soon to open in Los Angeles, the DeLorean story will soon be familiar even to the most casual observer, if in fact it is not already so. Of working-class origin, DeLorean rose to remarkable heights in the auto industry, first at Packard and later at General Motors, where in 1965 he became at 40 the youngest man to head the Pontiac division. Success crowned success, and he went on to even greater responsibilities; many expected him eventually to become head of G.M. Not only expected, hoped. For DeLorean had a reputation as a brilliant engineer and innovative businessman—unlike many of his colleagues. More important, he was an outspoken critic of the auto industry's stodginess and, especially, of its contempt for environmental and safety issues. Surely this capable, successful, socially aware, forward-looking young executive was just what the business needed. Thus, no one thought that his abrupt departure from G.M. in April 1973, though under cloudy circumstances, meant the end of John DeLorean the auto man.

By the following year that anticipation had been borne out: DeLorean announced his plan to build the sort of car Detroit wouldn't and couldn't build, a car that used little gasoline, was safe at every speed and was engineered not for premature obsolescence but for up to twenty-five years of use. This was the technologically advanced, socially responsible DMC-12, the "ethical" car. Who could not wish this venture well? Especially since it appeared that DeLorean had sacrificed a fabulous career at G.M. in order to set off into the storm-tossed seas that await the solitary entrepreneur.

In economic theory, no less than in popular opinion, the entrepreneur plays a central yet strange role. Economics is a science famous for its stoicism before the demands of objective reality: the iron law of wages, the discipline of the marketplace, the inexorable invisible hand, structural unemployment and cheap labor. The entrepreneur stands in sharp contrast to this grim litany. The entrepreneur saves; he risks; he creates. While others consume and pursue the sure thing, he sacrifices the present for the future. This is the great paradox of economics: on the one hand, it is coldly analytic, even unfeeling, before the most brutal facts; on the other, it is dependent, in theory and practice, on the romantic figure of the entrepreneur, the spiritual font of material creation.

It is difficult to read either *Dream Maker* or *Grand Delusions* and not come to appreciate the immense importance economic leaders assign to the entrepreneur. From 1974 to 1982, though under intense public scrutiny, DeLorean was able to parlay an infinitesimally small personal investment in a clearly unsound, poorly run and financially mismanaged enterprise into a venture whose predictable demise would cost others perhaps as much as a quarter of a billion dollars. These two very readable books both demonstrate that the reason DeLorean was able to go so long and so far on so little was that he had come to personify the quintessential entrepreneur to a large part of the business press, the auto industry and the financial community. He had sacrificed in leaving G.M. Now he was risking and creating. A belief in DeLorean's spiritual qualities overwhelmed the better judgment of, among others, Arthur Andersen and Company; Bache, Halsey; Oppenheimer & Company; the Allstate Insurance Company; Merrill Lynch; J. Peter Grace; William Haddad; Paul, Weiss, Rifkind; Renault; American Motors; William Simon; the city fathers of Detroit; the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico; the Republic of Ireland; the British government; the Bank of America—all of which played important roles in the sorry history of the DeLorean sports car. According to Ivan Fallon and James Srodes in *Dream Maker*, had DeLorean not got himself caught up in a narcotics deal, equally distinguished institutions and luminaries might be helping yet.

The facts of the case are simple enough, and both books are in substantial agreement about them. Hillel Levin's *Grand Delusions* deals with the larger picture of DeLorean's many schemes and henchmen; *Dream Maker*, somewhat better written but unaccountably lacking an index, concentrates on the sports car project.

The basic story is this: trading on his reputation and little else, DeLorean managed to raise between $11 million and $12 million, primarily from auto dealers who hoped to profit both from the investment and from retailing the DMC-12. DeLorean also received essential early support from Allstate, which was interested in a safer car, and from various celebrities, Johnny Carson for one. These amounts were insufficient to the scale of enterprise required to manufacture the car, but DeLorean's reputation as an entrepreneur was not, and at this point the City of Detroit, the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, the Republic of Ireland, and perhaps even Spain and several state governments began to bid against one another to win jobs for their workers. The eventual winner was the British government, which was to provide DeLorean with roughly $155 million in loans, loan guarantees and outright grants in return for locating his factory in Dunmurry, Northern Ireland. This massive infusion of funds enabled him to raise an additional $15.5 million from private sources with the aid of Oppenheimer & Company, the investment house. Of this grand total of, roughly, $180 million, barely enough for the task, DeLorean is thought to have contributed substantially less than $100,000 of his own money—far less than he received annually from the venture in salaries, bonuses, perks and other, questionable payments.

As both books make clear, long, long before DeLorean's company went into

John McDermott teaches labor studies at SUNY-Old Westbury. He has just completed a book about the differences between private and corporate property as they bear on social conflict.

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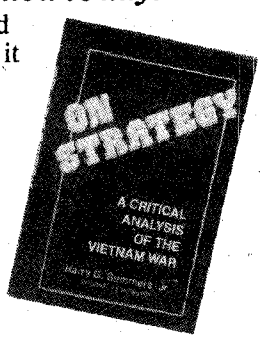

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receivership in February 1982, it was evident that many things were badly amiss. Among the main problems:

§ The DeLorean operation, especially at its New York headquarters, had huge, unnecessary overheads: six-figure salaries for too many executives who played only marginal roles; a penthouse office that consumed $290,000 a month and played no part in designing, producing or distributing the automobile; extraordinarily high fees to several minor law firms with "connections."

§ At roughly $25,000, the car was too expensive to permit the volume of sales necessary to sustain the company.

§ Engineering work on the automobile was paid for twice, in direct payments to the Lotus sports car company in Britain and to G.P.D. Services, a mysterious Swiss firm. Neither book is able to account for the $17.5 million that went to G.P.D., and both speculate that DeLorean and Colin Chapman, chairman of Lotus, may have pocketed it. Yet for all the expenditures on engineering, DeLorean's automobile was not a new design at all: "a bastardized Lotus," one DeLorean executive called it, perhaps even a composite of off-the-shelf components hidden under a gleaming stainless steel exterior.

Against this hard evidence, the various luminaries and institutions close to the company shut their eyes. The shining idea of DeLorean the entrepreneur blinded them to the reality of DeLorean the careless executive: the "brilliant" engineer who peddled his engineering work out to others, the "socially responsible" businessman who played fast and loose with his agreements and who squandered venture capital on frivolous window dressing.

Clearly, DeLorean was not an entrepreneur. He sacrificed nothing. He sank little of his own money into the company, and milked it for more than even he claims to have invested. He risked nothing: the risk was that of the British government, whose $155 million changed DeLorean Motors from a dream to a going concern. And he created nothing, not even a new design.

But if DeLorean was not the entrepreneur in the DeLorean case, who was? Ask yourself the key questions: Who sacrificed? The British taxpayer. Who risked? The British taxpayer. Who innovated, that is, brought to fruition a new enterprise? The British taxpayer. The fact is, private capital will not support risky propositions like DeLorean

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Motors on anything like the necessary scale. It prefers tax-free municipal bonds, blue-chips, commodity finagling, real estate scams, industrial investments in Third World countries where labor is cheap and the local colonels are on the payroll. All of these yield better returns without any risk. In the United States, too, the only significant source of new investment, especially in risky businesses or those promising moderate returns, is *socialized money*—tax write-offs and direct government subsidies. It is a matter of fact, though not yet of economic opinion, that we have already largely socialized the costs and risks of investment in the United States. Only its rewards remain private—hardly a spiritual phenomenon.

It is superstitious to imagine that entrepreneurs play any but a minuscule and marginal role in a modern economy. Even the fabled computer industry relies heavily on federally sponsored research, the Defense Department and the space program. It is superstitious to imagine that the processes of growth, whether of a national economy or a single firm, are so little understood that we must gamble with our substance by placing it in the hands of adventurous, socially unrestrained individuals. The people of Northern Ireland were the victims of the superstition this time. Desperately poor and burdened with catastrophic unemployment, they were so eager for the jobs DeLorean promised that they pressured the government to lend him the money with only inadequate strings attached. The British government, in legend so wily, was full party to this self-denying generosity. The City of Detroit, the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, the Republic of Ireland and other governments, too, were disappointed, in some cases outraged, that they were not given the chance to entrust their savings and hopes to DeLorean: Was he not an entrepreneur, a man who could create wealth? Such is the power of economic superstition in this, the twentieth century.

There is a mocking footnote to this tale of superstition and misguided hopes. The Northern Irish are well known for their fealty to an ascetic, spirit-centered world view. The Protestant majority, in particular, is notorious for its refusal to compromise, even on the symbols of the Book and the Cross. In their grim poverty they cling to the old ways. But what was this DeLorean car upon which they pinned their hopes for salvation in this world? DeLorean himself described it thus: it was, he said, a car designed for "the horny bachelor who's made it." □

An All-American Killer

ANN JONES

FATAL VISION. *By Joe McGinniss. G.P. Putnam's Sons. 663 pp. $17.95.*

Jeffrey MacDonald first hit the news on February 17, 1970, after he was found lying on the bedroom floor of his apartment on the Fort Bragg, North Carolina, Army base, beside the dead body of his wife. Colette MacDonald, five months pregnant, had been repeatedly stabbed in the neck and chest with a knife and an icepick. She also had been clubbed; her arms, her jaw and her skull were broken. In the other two bedrooms of the apartment lay the bodies of Kimberley, 5, and Kristen, 2; both had been clubbed and stabbed to death. Only Jeffrey MacDonald, then a 26-year-old Green Beret, survived to tell the tale of four hippie intruders—reminiscent of those who had killed Sharon Tate and her friends in Los Angeles six months earlier—one a blonde wearing white boots and a floppy hat and holding a candle. They chanted "Acid is groovy," he said, and attacked him with clubs and an icepick while the screams of his wife and daughters resounded. He himself suffered only minor wounds and a bump on the head. MacDonald went on telling that tale for years. He tells it to this day, though he is now serving three consecutive life sentences for the murders. It is the tale he wanted Joe McGinniss (*The Selling of the President, 1968*; *Going to Extremes*) to tell in this book, vindicating him at last. He wanted Robert Redford to star in the movie.

The case seemed simple enough to the Army's Criminal Investigation men who first looked into it. They botched some physical evidence, losing fingerprints and half of MacDonald's bloody

Ann Jones, the author of Women Who Kill *(Fawcett), is writing a book about the case* People v. Bernadette Powell.

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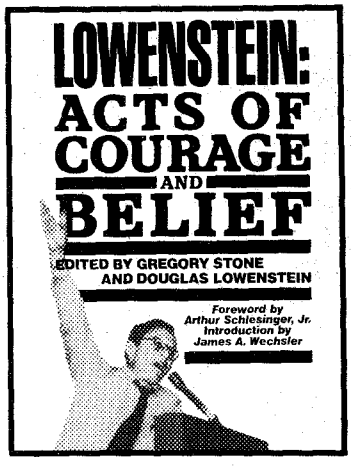
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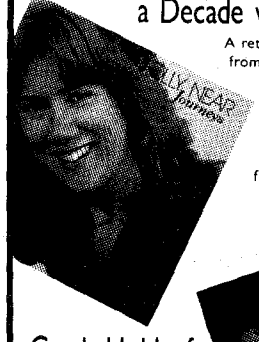

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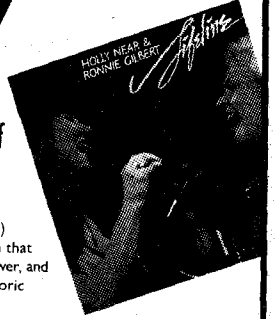

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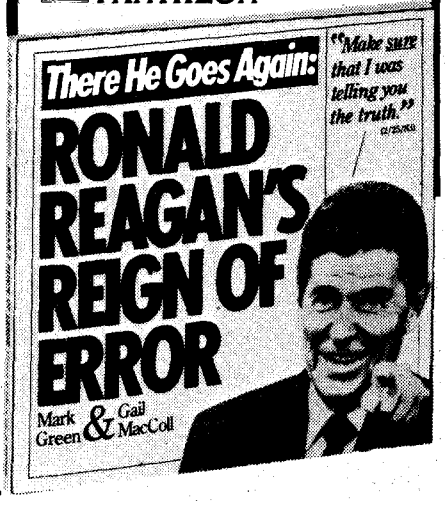

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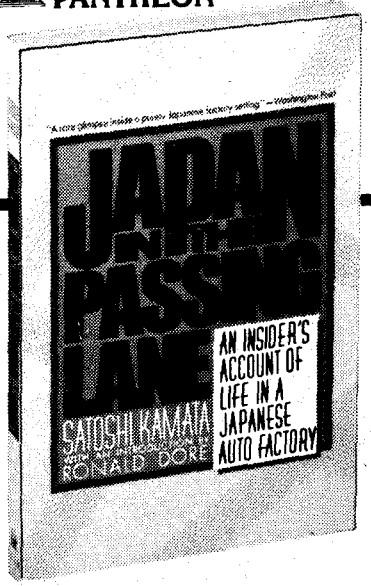

pajamas, but they gathered much more—more than enough to make nonsense of MacDonald's version of events and to sketch a far grislier story.

Still, the case dragged on for years. After a long hearing, the Army's investigating officer, Col. Warren Rock, impressed by MacDonald's "obvious sincerity," his "previous history," two favorable psychiatric evaluations and a long string of fervent character witnesses, recommended that all charges against him be dropped. MacDonald had come to the Green Berets via Princeton and Northwestern University Medical School. Patchogue High's boy Most Popular and Most Likely To Succeed, he had married his high school sweetheart, and together they dreamed of living with their children on a Connecticut horse farm while he completed a surgery residency at Yale. Colonel Rock concluded that MacDonald was an "All American Boy," while the crimes of which he was accused were so awful that they could have been committed only "by persons who were either insane or under the influence of drugs."

At first, Colette MacDonald's mother and stepfather, Mildred and Freddy Kassab, agreed, but after studying the transcript of the Army hearing, they changed their minds. Freddy Kassab, who had been MacDonald's most impassioned character witness at the hearing ("If I ever have another daughter, I'd still want the same son-in-law"), became his most implacable enemy. He held press conferences, lobbied congressmen, goaded the Justice Department into a renewed investigation and at last, with his wife, filed a citizen's complaint in Federal District Court that resulted in the grand jury hearing which finally—five years after the murders—brought MacDonald's indictment. Even so, years of continued legal maneuvering, including two arguments before the Supreme Court, delayed the trial. In 1979, nine and a half years after the murders, MacDonald was convicted, yet he remained at liberty most of the time until 1982 when, having exhausted his legal options, he finally began serving his sentence. (He will be eligible for parole in 1991.)

McGinniss records these events along with the players on both teams: MacDonald's arrogant lawyer; his blindly loyal mother; his in-laws, whose immense grief turned finally toward vengeance; and, of course, MacDonald himself. And like the Kassabs before him, Joe McGinniss, who had set out to chronicle a case of unjust prosecution, changed his mind.

But he didn't tell MacDonald. How in the world could he? McGinniss had lived with MacDonald during his murder trial, and later, during one of MacDonald's preliminary stints behind bars, McGinniss lived in MacDonald's Southern California condo, drank his beer, watched his sunsets and went through his papers. He changed his mind—and went on writing. Consequently, we have here a kind of double story: the story of a killer being inched toward conviction by former supporters who have changed their minds and the story of a writer torn between conflicting moral obligations. (Mailer had it easy with Gary Gilmore, an already convicted killer who not only admitted his guilt but asked to be executed.) McGinniss scarcely mentions his dilemma—what moral allegiance *is* owed to a triple murderer, anyway?—yet it has affected the way he put this book together.

McGinniss keeps himself in the wings and gives center stage much of the time to the voice of Jeffrey MacDonald, letting readers develop their own distaste for him. The trouble is that all work and little genuine human contact have made MacDonald a very dull fellow indeed. Good student, good doctor, good Green Beret, he seems always (except for the murders and some commonplace philandering) to have done the right thing. At first, probably to keep up a little whodunit suspense, McGinniss makes much of obvious ironies: How could such a successful man destroy everything he has worked for? But surely everyone knows by now that these people with the lid screwed on too tight are likely to blow. (At trial the prosecutor ignored the question, arguing that "if we convince you by the evidence that he *did* it, we don't have to show you that he is the sort of person that *could* have done it.")

As time goes on, McGinniss reveals a Jeffrey MacDonald grown ever more shallow and transparent. MacDonald moves to Southern California to start a new and unexamined life with a $350,000 beachfront condo, a Citroën-Maserati, a boat and a series of ravishing young women with names like Bobbi and Sheree and Randi, with each of whom he has an incredibly sexy and meaningful relationship. In a letter to McGinniss, he professes to have loved his murdered wife even though she didn't have good legs. Six hundred and

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sixty-three pages of Jeffrey MacDonald is too much.

Practically everyone involved with the case kept records and turned them over to McGinniss. Mildred Kassab saved her daughter's letters. Freddy Kassab taped telephone conversations. MacDonald himself produced scrapbooks and diaries and high school newspaper clippings and letters to his wife. He persuaded his girlfriends to send McGinniss copies of their love letters to him. From prison he sent McGinniss his children's baby albums. McGinniss wraps this personal history in endless paperwork: police reports, Army investigation reports, transcripts of Army hearings, pathologists' reports, psychiatric testimony, laboratory reports and so on. He even has the transcript of the secret grand jury proceedings and knows what the trial judge said to the lawyers in off-the-record conversations. McGinniss is a terrific investigator, who obviously went to great trouble to gather this material, but even the reader who is fascinated by the psychiatric evaluation of Jeffrey MacDonald is likely to nod off when the fourth or fifth expert takes the stand to say essentially the same thing the other experts said in page after page of verbatim grand jury testimony.

McGinniss presents so much of the official record, I suspect, so that the reader, compelled as McGinniss was to slog through it, will come out as he did, persuaded from faith in MacDonald's innocence to belief in the certainty of his guilt. This is the device of an uneasy writer who assuages the guilt of his own apostasy by putting his readers through the same conversion, and for the most part it works. But dogged readers, worn down by many a tiring page and by a gnawing sense that the writer should have done a little more of his share of the work, will be filled with relief and gratitude when McGinniss finally shows up in the last seventy pages of the book, speaking in his own sensible voice, describing his own defection, telling at last what to make of all this. Among other things, he speculates on the narcissistic personality, enumerates some of MacDonald's lies and documents his heavy amphetamine use (to lose weight) just before the killings. I would willingly have taken his word for more than this, but McGinniss, oddly enough, seems to have underestimated his own authority as a writer. He has produced a long, surprisingly dull book with some memorable sections, a compilation of

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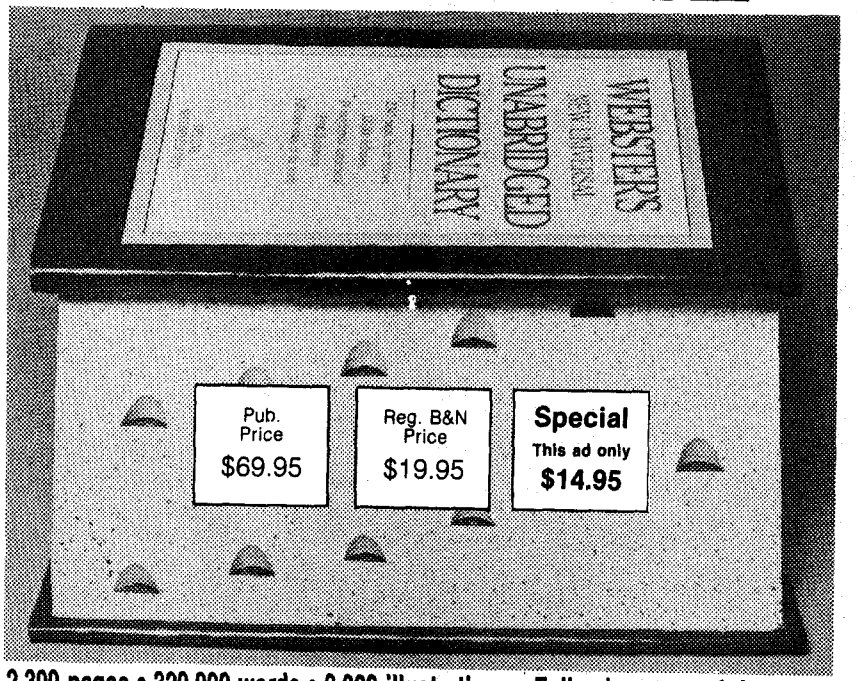

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February 19, 1981

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>
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Love and Strength,
Grant McLaughlin—retiree
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Every self-critical and right governing citizen (capitalistic or socialistic democrat and/or oligarch) tries to bring about full meaningful employment and peace on earth.

impressive but sometimes wearisome material that might have been completely gripping if only he had not been so timid about speaking his mind. □

DANCE.

MINDY ALOFF

Staged at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in October, *The Photographer/Far From the Truth* was billed as a work of performance art. What we saw was a spectacle of drama, photographic projections and dance, united by a lyrical if occasionally earsplitting Philip Glass score, the direction of JoAnne Akalaitis (of Mabou Mines) and the subject—nineteenth-century photographer Eadweard Muybridge. With richly detailed Victorian sets and costumes by Santo Loquasto and a bravura range of lighting—Jennifer Tipton's illusions included gaslight, moonlight and lightning—the production would look fabulous in color photographs; better, perhaps, than it looked to the audience.

At the first of the two performances I attended, it all seemed like the best kind of amateurism: state-of-the-art technology in the service of unfettered play, a sprinkling of recondite allusions and in-jokes, a little too much self-reflexivity for its own good. At the second performance, the dancers were more secure, and the slide show of Muybridge's motion studies (coordinated by Wendall K. Harrington), set to a merry fiddling piece by Glass, remained a thrill. But life had seeped out of the actors, and the pace lagged. (The show started almost 40 minutes late.) The tape loop of riddles at the beginning was less charming the second time around. Elegantly lethargic, the figures looked like arrangements of unplugged lamps at Bloomingdale's.

On any night, however, *The Photographer*, an unsteady mix of pedantry and showmanship, never quite gets around to presenting its ideas about life and art in a forthright manner. The main culprit is the opening section, Robert Coe's obscure play about Muybridge's life, but the entire production is implicated. When Muybridge's wife recites one-liners concerning social deportment while Muybridge throttles her with his bare hands—"Never make formal calls on a wet day," she groans—is it biography or burlesque? When a

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frame from one of Muybridge's motion sequences—a nude woman shielding her face and groin as she runs—is projected on a giant screen (a gesture that is picked up throughout the performance), are we to understand the posture of shame as spontaneous or posed? The play, specifically influenced by such riddling satires as Max Ernst's collage novels, is full of barbed quips on the need to doubt appearances: it may be that we were meant to see everything as signifying both itself and the opposite. If that was the intent, the production doesn't go far enough. It only exasperates us when it should drive us mad.

The choice of Muybridge as a hero of (post)modern art makes some sense. Eadweard Muybridge (1830-1904), artist and murderer, is remembered for his sharply focused and unsentimental serial photographs of human and animal movement: three frames of a woman emptying a bucket of water, twelve frames of a stride of a horse, twelve frames of a pencil being shifted from a man's left hand to his right. From such stop-time photographs to movies proper is only a short step. Muybridge himself invented an optical device called a zoopraxiscope which could be spun to animate his stills. Yet a century later, what seems magical about his pictures—especially to a person interested in dance photography—is how, deployed on the quiet page of a book, they so strongly suggest motion. The tension between the connecting instants implied by the images and the instants frozen within them creates a narrative suspense that vanishes when the stills are made to move. The printed sequences demonstrate that movement has a beginning, a middle and an end—that action helplessly blurts out its own stories, quite apart from any context. Muybridge numbered only a few dancers among his models, and only a handful of true dance steps among the hundreds of actions he studied, but the implications of his work for theatrical dancing are enormous.

If Muybridge's work looked forward toward modernism, his marriage was a Victorian potboiler. Discovering that his young wife, Flora, had deceived him with an erstwhile drama critic, the 44-year-old Muybridge made his way from his home in San Francisco to the mine where the lover was playing cribbage, shot him dead and surrendered himself to police, reportedly saying to some ladies in the room, "I am sorry this little trouble occurred in your pres-

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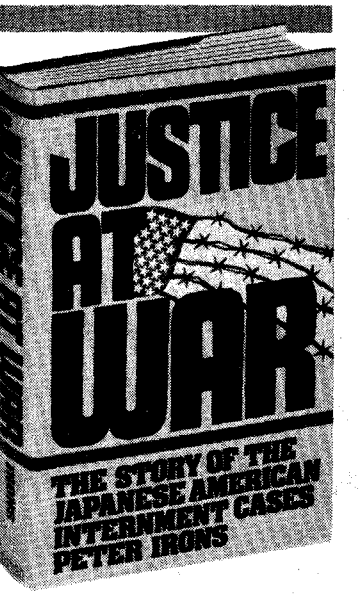

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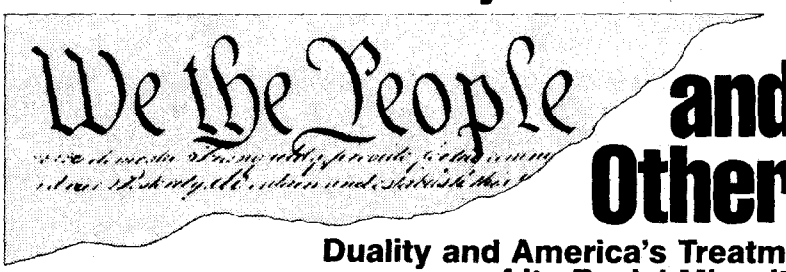

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ence." What gives this tale contemporary interest is the contrast between the deep and rash emotions of the man and the intellectual restraint of the photographer. Muybridge's dissociation of thought and feeling points toward the modernist plight articulated by the next generation, which would come of age during World War I.

Unlike the life of Gandhi, on which Glass's opera *Satyagraha* was partly based, Muybridge's life could hardly have been the magnet that drew Glass and director/designer Rob Malasch to conceive *The Photographer* in 1982. (A different production was performed that year in Holland.) The tug must have been the mysterious calm and precision of the photographs. At BAM, that quality was addressed with intelligence and sympathy in the movement composition of the third section, devised by David Gordon, artistic director of the Pick Up Co. The choreography is so delicate in its canonlike patterns of repetition that even having seen it twice I feel as if I've barely seen it at all.

It begins with a long solo for a dancer in midlife, the absorbing Valda Setterfield. Nude under her translucent Grecian gown, she stands in an electric-pink pool of water, and, to an exuberant selection by Glass—with passages invoking the gallop of horses and keening of birds—she assumes positions from Muybridge's oeuvre, sometimes with Olympian detachment, sometimes with appropriate grimaces. (The solo derives from one about Muybridge's pictures that Gordon made for Setterfield during the 1970s.) As she lies down to pose in the water, or splashes water on her limbs, the fabric clings to her body, and the lighting makes the water, the gown, her skin and her helmet of white hair seem irradiated from within. From the time she starts to dance, other dancers, and eventually actors, share the stage. Wearing soberly colored nineteenth-century costumes, they jump or pace in twos, in threes, in clusters and alone, fracturing and reordering gestures from earlier in the evening. Toward the end, they mass and swirl around Setterfield.

From a seat in the orchestra, this muted finale didn't register as it did from a seat in the mezzanine, where the group seemed indeed a motion picture, ringing Setterfield as she projected her litany of stills. Isadora Duncan, who could have crossed Muybridge's path while she was growing up in San Francisco during the late 1800s, might have pointed out how similar Setterfield's gestures were to those Duncan herself had learned from the Delsarte system of dramatic expression. Perhaps Gordon meant to evoke the historical Isadora, but it isn't important. What matters is that his dance evokes a similar beauty.

Muybridge's pictures establish a standard of realism for photographs of people moving. Roughly, the idea is that the physical energy actually put forth by the model is equivalent to the physical energy he appears to put forth in the print. Today, the dance photographer who most closely follows this equation is Martha Swope, with wonderful results. But deviations from the standard can give you more of the photographer's personality, and make for arresting pictures, too.

The show of dance photographs by Chris Callis at Dance Theater Workshop in October is a case in point. The people photographed range from the Rockwell Breakers to ballet dancers Evelyn Hart and Richard Cragun. Most of them are caught in the process of transition, but few are really expending as much physical energy as the photograph conveys. Through complicated lighting arrangements, the use of dramatic angles and a willingness to blur the figure or record its afterimage in space, Callis creates a highly charged atmosphere that is true to the excitement one feels watching good dancing, and that makes for memorable images, full of presence and daring. During a brief chat, I asked Callis what he likes about taking pictures of dancers. "The surprise," he said. "As in sports, the fact that you can't control it." And what does he think about *The Photographer*? Misunderstanding me, he gestured toward a shelf of books about Atget and Weston. "What photographer?" he replied. □

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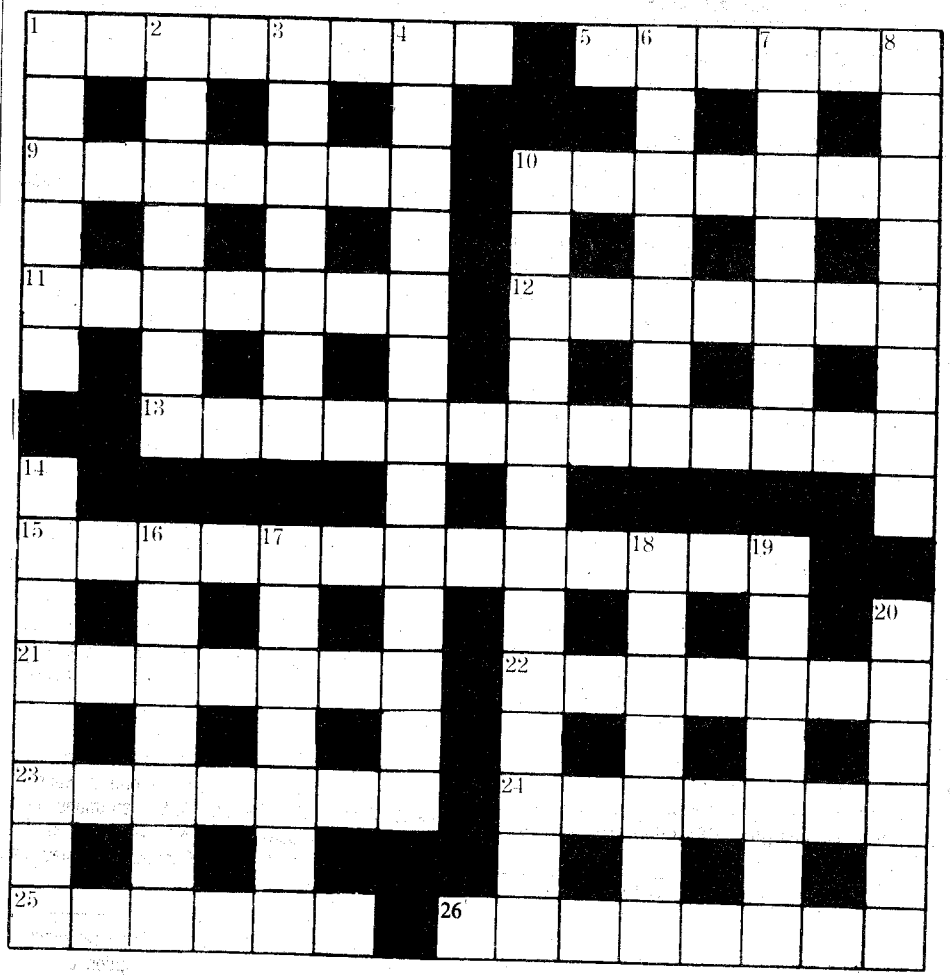

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1 Mercury's fall might be responsible for a certain lack of hearing with these applied. (8)
5 Each might have it's own tongue, but it might be a trifle hard to understand. (6)
9 Limp, as they say, when his sort has to pull around. (7)
10 Mr. and Mrs. Thumb? (The ends of the feet should be the same.) (7)
11 It sounds as though it took its toll at one time over the tub. (7)
12 You might find it an aid in sorting out matters of state. (7)
13 First one grips this, then turns to work for Igor. (5,2,6)
15 Flowers of Artois? (8,5)
21 A politician might have such an address, as might be seen through the knot-eye. (7)
22 Should such song-like outpouring be really accompanied on the lyre? (7)
23 Not quite true emmets, being other than attendant types. (7)
24 Not exactly seasonal turncoats, with part of the term in established environment. (7)
25 Problems connected with the studio? (6)
26 Certainly didn't speak well, though pressed a different solution. (8)

DOWN

1 Put down badly in a couple of points, but provides an income. (6)
2 Redder (probably due to exposure). (7)
3 The piano might be left backstage, according to the audience. (7)
4 They don't confine themselves to 8's, however. (6,7)
6 Could such a statement come at the sound of the bell? (Roper might be busy with one.) (5-2)
7 A common girl—sort of vain—possibly responsible for a certain electrical effect. (7)
8 How to alienate the poor sergeant? (8)
10 Were they a race of high-livers? (5,8)
14 Pots, perhaps, found behind the plate. (8)
16 Would-be performers have them—it's right up to you where the little street turns. (7)
17 Old-fashioned lover who might call his partner a gritty pearl? (7)
18 Confusion and alarm, that is, in the city. (7)
19 Not things of the best quality for some time, though perhaps of some assistance to the fighter. (7)
20 Certainly no sign of activity in store. (6)

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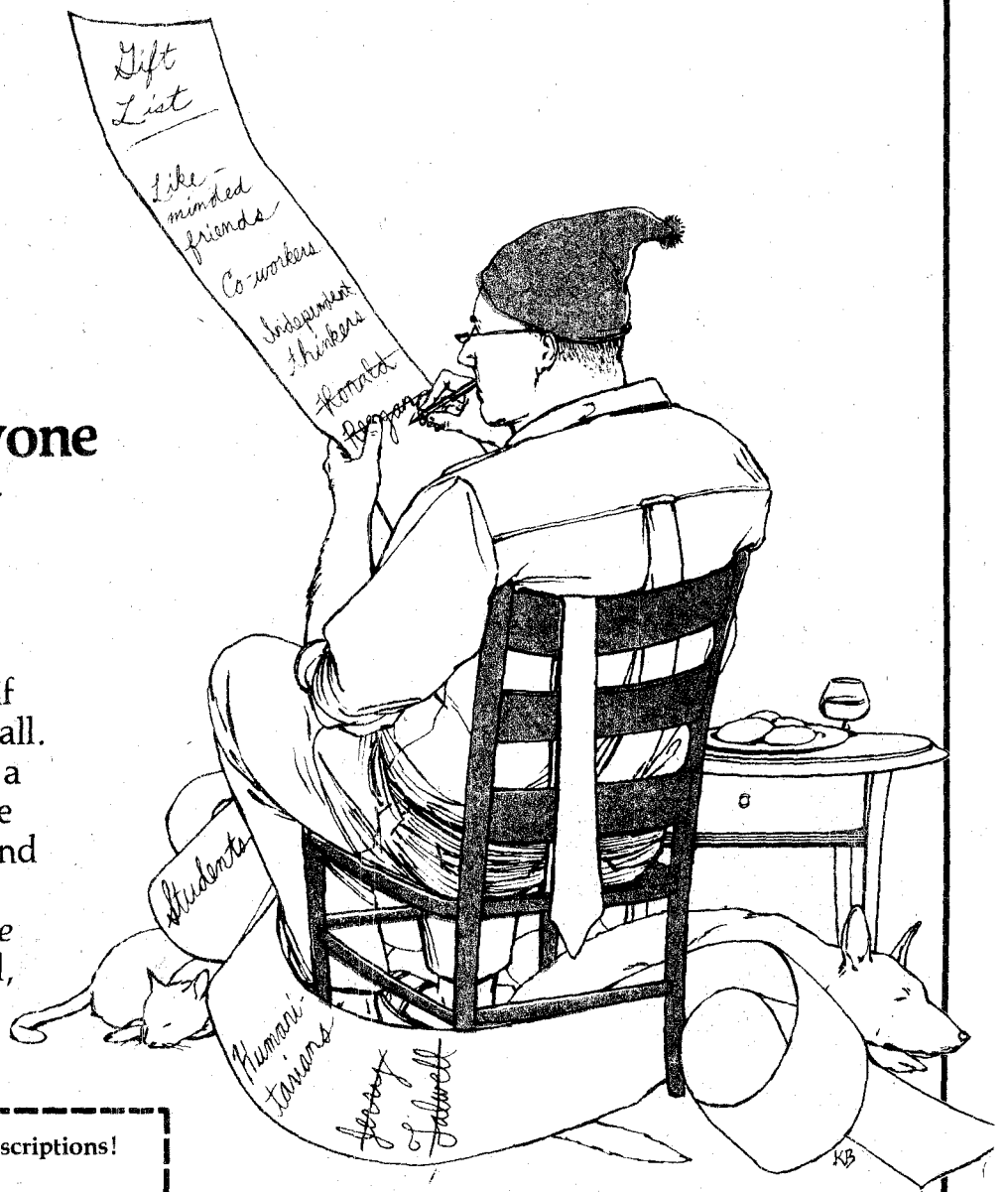

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